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ON SUMMER SEAS.

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FAMOUS AS A WEST COUNTRY HOLIDAY RESORT: PENZANCE—THE PROMENADE.
"The situation of Penzance alone is sufficient to ensure its lasting popularity with beauty lovers.

Mount's Bay, jewelled with St. Michael's Mount, which has been a shrine and sanctuary since the dawn of Christianity, is endlessly fascinating."

THOUGH almost invariably known collectively as "The West Country," the characteristics of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall actually differ more than those of any other English counties.

Somerset has a mellow loveliness in keeping with its glorious traditions. It is a land of grey towns hoary with age and rich with the splendid buildings of the Middle Ages. Its countryside has the quiet beauty of green fields and woodlands starred with flowers; of low, softly-rounded hills coloured with the gold of gorse and the royal purple of heather. Its villages, bowered in the delicate prettiness of apple orchards, have a charm so distinctive that, if they were transported bodily to any quarter of the globe, they would be recognisable as Somersetshire hamlets. The innumerable stately manor-houses, set in gardens perfected by centuries of loving care, no less than the comparatively small number of fortresses, testify more surely than can any written records to prosperity which has always been enjoyed by Somerset, which has seen less warfare than any other English county. It is as though the holy calm of Glastonbury—where the first Christian church was built in England—has spread its beneficent influence over the whole countryside.

The transition from the pastel shades of Somerset to the vivid colouring of Devon is extraordinarily abrupt. Devon pulsates with colour and life, each brilliant colour intensifying the other until it seems that no sea can be so blue, no sands so golden, and no cliffs so red as those of Devon, even as the tales of her gallant Sea Kings, explorers, and smugglers outshine all others. Nothing is done by halves. If the coastline is more colourful than Somerset's, so is Dartmoor more wild and forbidding than the friendly moorlands of the neighbouring county. Somerset's quaint and charming folk-lore is replaced by eerie tales of demons, for Dartmoor is a haunted, mystic land where Satan

sits whistling for the souls of men who died in sin, and his satellites work the undoing of the unwary!

Dissimilar as are Devon and Somerset, Cornwall is an even stronger contrast, for the difference is not merely one of scenery and history. It is the deeply rooted one of race: Cornishmen are descended from those Celts who were driven beyond the Tamar by invading Saxons. For centuries they dwelt apart in their rocky pro-montory, clinging to the Christian faith of their forefathers, and faithfully preserving their ancient customs and traditions. Whilst other English counties were being fused into one great whole with a common ancestry and history, Cornishmen lived apart and had a religious and political history of their own. Though they eventually acknow-ledged the sovereignty of English Kings, they preserved their aloofness, and regard the rest of England as a foreign country. It is this utter aloofness which is one of the greatest charms of Cornwall. It is more "foreign" than many European countries. Certainly its history is less familiar. Who, for instance among those who glibly speak of Charlemagne, the Borgias, Le Roi Soleil, Catherine tne Great, Napoleon,

#### Che Golden West of England.

By MAXWELL FRASER.

and the endless other famous men and women of Europe, know of St. Budoc or any of the long list of Cornish saints and heroes? Probably the only Cornish hero known in England is Jack-the-Giant-Killer, who killed the last ogre in this land of Giants—and few know he is a Cornishman!

The glory of Cornish scenery is concentrated in the coast, where the low red cliffs of Devon give way to great granite cliffs which stand like battlemented walls to guard the land from the onslaughts of the Atlantic. The picturesque villages nestle in ravines which, whilst sheltering them from cold winds, allow them to enjoy the caressing warmth of the Gulf Stream to the full. Sub-tropical by side with the more familiar a riot of colour matching the

for a perfect holiday—kindly hospitality, perfect climate, and glorious scenery; accommodation to suit every pocket, and amusements for every taste. It is merely a question of choosing whether you prefer a fashionable seaside resort, a smaller town which retains something of the simplicity of a village, or one of the many adorable little hamlets.

West Country towns have individuality. Even

West Country towns have individuality. Even those which cluster so thickly round Torbay and its neighbourhood have only their situation in common, but all bow before the supremacy of Exeter—older than history, most loyal of cities, champion of the rights and libertles of West Countrymen in all ages. Even Cornishmen name Exeter with affection, for it has fought and suffered with them for eighteen hundred years, and has a claim on their love which cannot be rivalled by the Cornish towns of Truro and Penzance. Though the greater part of the old city has vanished, fine old timbered houses with richly carved gables and ancient inns survive from earlier days. The Corporation—one of the oldest in England—cherishes a State sword presented by Edward IV. and another given by Henry VII., who also gave them the Cap of



A RESORT THAT BOASTS THAT IT IS WITHOUT A "MARINE PARADE": NEWQUAY—A TOWN ON THE TOP OF HIGH CLIFFS WHICH DROP SHEER TO THE GOLDEN SANDS.

"Newquay is one of those refreshingly original popular seaside resorts which have no 'marine parade,' and fortunately, its situation ensures that its peculiar charm will always be retained, for the town is built on the top of high cliffs which drop sheer to a vast expanse of golden sands."

descent mingling of all colours which flash and sparkle in the brilliant sunlight.

Though differing in all else, the three counties have one thing in common: they are "holiday counties." This does not mean that every town and village has been turned into a miniature Coney Island, or that they are overrun with tourists, but simply that everywhere you will find all that makes

ever-changing

moods of Cornish

seas, which run the gamut of colour from jade to

palest green; from

delicate turquoise, from purple to stormy, foamcapped grey; or

to a strange, iri-

ultramarine



THE MAKING AND BAKING PLACE OF THE FAMOUS "WHITE POT"! PAIGNTON—
A VIEW OF THE SANDS.

'The pride of Paignton's citizens is centred on the memory of the famous 'White Pot,' reputed to take 'seven years in the making, seven in the baking, and seven in the eating.'" But, it may be added, there remains a very natural sufficiency of pride for the place's holiday attractions!

Maintenance carried in their civic processions. As befits a city which kept its faith when the Saxons were spreading paganism with fire and sword, Exeter Cathedral is a noble building splendidly adorned with carving and mellowed by the passing of eight centuries. Curiously enough, this stronghold of Christianity has also been the headquarters of witchcraft for untold ages, and retains that doubtful distinction, incredible though it may seem, in the present day

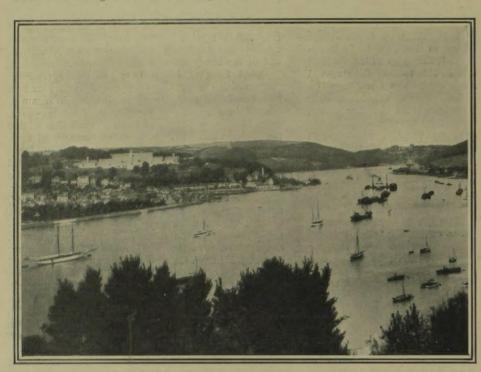
Westward from Exeter, seaside resorts cluster thickly within a short journey. At Dawlish there is the first sea-view on the Great Western Railway. Although invariably coupled with the neighbouring town of Teignmouth, Dawlish has a distinctive charm of its own, centring on the delightful little stream flowing between banks of flower-filled gardens to the sea, and a long breezy stretch of sand-dunes which makes it an ideal bathing and golfing resort. Though there is an occasional mention of Dawlish in contemporary records from 1044 onwards, the town has had an uneventful history. Luscombe, the seat of a

branch of the Hoares of Stourhead, is in this district. This fine old mansion has a magnificent private chapel designed by Sir Gilbert Scott.

Teignmouth's history centres round its ancient harbour, which dates from Saxon times. Like so many West Country coast towns, it has suffered at the hands of French pirates, who made a particularly disastrous raid in 1340. The honour of the town was restored, however, by their repulse when they made another raid three hundred years later. Although a thousand Frenchmen managed to effect a landing and did much

century church. There are two horse-shoes nailed to the door as a memento of a wager between a Carew and a Champernowne, who disagreed as to the distance they could ride their horses into the sea!

Although Dartmoor can be explored from almost any Devon town, an ideal centre has recently been established



A MARVELLOUS OLD SEAPORT THAT DEFIES MODERNITY: DARTMOUTH—THE CRADLE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

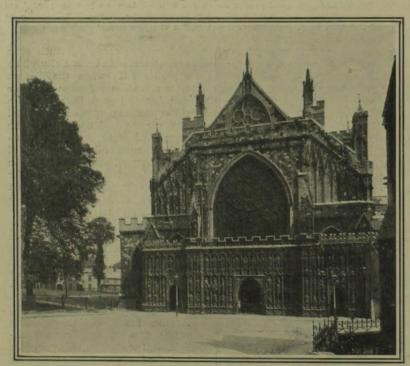
"Few sights are more memorable than the first view of the marvellous old seaport of Dartmouth from Kingswear, with the broad, still river winding between steep, tree-clad hills. . . . Dartmouth was the cradle of the British Navy, and invariably furnished the King with more ships for his wars than any other English town."

damage, breaking down pulpits and burning Bibles, they were soon beaten back by a detachment of the Devon Militia. Even as Dawlish had a famous literary admirer in Jane Austen, Teignmouth had one in Keats, who wrote "Endymion" there, whilst looking after his dying brother. The town has a particularly delightful climate, as, whilst sheltered from cold winds by the heights of Haldon, the heat is tempered by fresh moorland breezes which blow down the valley of the Teign, which is tidal up to Newton Abbot. It is Newton Abbot's proud boxest that you can be control to the property of the state of the s

It is Newton Abbot's proud boast that you can visit any beauty spot in Devon whilst staying there and return in time for dinner. Apart from this very special attraction for tourists, it has claims of its own upon the interest of visitors. There are innumerable ancient manor houses in the vicinity, and the tiny neighbouring parish of Haccombe—one of the smallest in England—has an interesting early fourteenth-

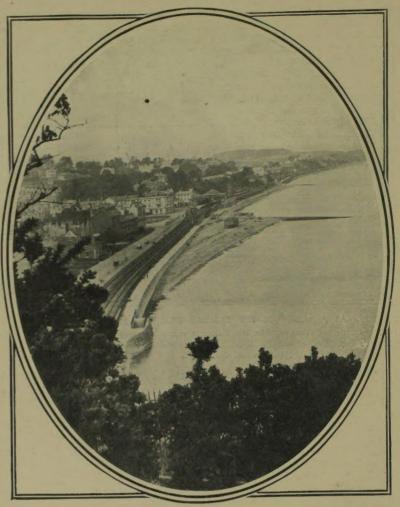
at North Bovey, three miles from Moretonhampstead, where the lovely manor house is being converted into a luxurious hotel. The mansion, which was completed in 1907, is a particularly attractive replica of the Jacobean style, with broad south and west terraces overlooking the lake, and two hundred acres of park and pastureland. The interior is prac-

tically the same as when it was fitted up by the original owner, the late Lord Hambleden. Practically all of the rooms are panelled in oak in Jacobean style, in cfuding the splendid ball-room.



EXETER—"OLDER THAN HISTORY MOST LOYAL OF CITIES, CHAMPION OF THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF WEST COUNTRYMEN": THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

"As befits a city which kept its faith when the Saxons were spreading paganism with fire and sword, Exeter Cathedral is a noble building splendidly adorned with carving and mellowed by the passing of eight centuries. Curiously enough, this stronghold of Christianity has also been the headquarters of witchcraft for untold ages!"



EVER COUPLED WITH THE NEIGHBOURING TOWN OF TEIGNMOUTH: DAWLISH, WHICH HAS A DISTINCTIVE CHARM OF ITS OWN.

"Although invariably coupled with the neighbouring town of Teignmouth, Dawlish has a distinctive charm of its own, centring on the delightful little stream flowing between banks of flower-filled gardens to the sea, and a long breezy stretch of sand-dunes which make it an ideal bathing and golfing resort"

arriving there as those who have journeyed through the desert experience on reaching the soft green charm of an oasis.

If the luxuriance of the Moretchhampstead valley is startling, it is, nevertheless, a completely English fertility; but at Torquay the claim of the West Country coast resorts to the title of the "English



THE TOWN IN WHICH KEATS WROTE "ENDYMION". TEIGNMOUTH, WHOSE HISTORY CENTRES ROUND ITS SAXON HARBOUR.

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Moretonhampstead, the nearest village, is a delightful old-world place with some early seventeenth-century farmhouses, and a three-hundred-year-old dancing tree. The valley between Bovey and Moretonhampstead is so extraordinarily fertile that travellers who have journeyed through the desolation of the surrounding moorlands have much the same sensation on

Riviera is made good. It is amazingly like a perfect blending of those lovely towns jewelling the Côte d'Azur. There are many who protest that Torquay can and should stand upon its own unmatchable charms, and disdain comparison with the French Riviera; and, for those who know and love this brilliantly beautiful town, certainly it is unnecessary to press the similarity. Unfortunately, there are still many hundreds who annually flock to the Mediterranean because they do not realise they can find all the colour, gaiety, and warmth of the French resorts at Torquay, plus the English—and

Though few towns would

dare dispute with Torquay its proud title of "Queen of the English Riviera," the other resorts each have some par-



THE YOUNGEST OF ALL CORNISH SEASIDE TOWNS: FROM THE WOODS.

"Falmouth is the youngest of all Cornish seaside towns. Three centuries ago there were only a few cottages on the site. . . . The deep blue lagoons running far inland, and the palm-trees and exotic ferns and plants which grow so luxuriantly in Falmouth, give it a strangely un-English air"

"Continental"—amenities of such famous hotels as the Palm, the Victoria and Albert, and the Grand. For the benefit of these people, it cannot be too often reiterated that Torquay is a worthy rival of Riviera towns. Torquay's houses are terraced on hillsides, like those of Cannes and Monte Carlo; her flowers rival those of Beaulieu. The far-flung crescent of Torbay—forty miles of sapphire sea shimmer between its white cliffs—is as gay with yachts as the Mediter-

the "Queen" retain their indi-viduality. Paignton's long stretches

of sand make it dear to the hearts of bathers and children, but Paignton has claims upon the interest of many. The red sandstone church contains some of the finest stone carving in the country, to charm archæologists. Devotees of Gilbert and Sul-

livan's operas remember it as the scene of the first production

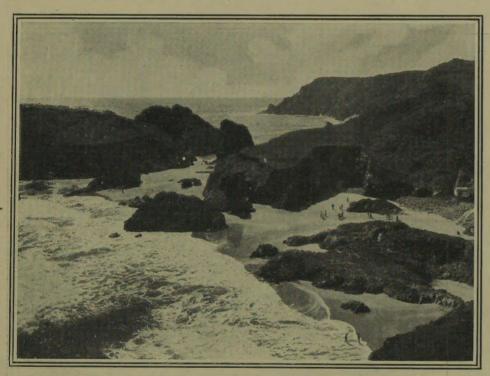
wagon, by eight oxen; but the pudding made in 1859 was so vast that it took twenty-five horses ticular charm which attracts people to them in increasing numbers. Even those which to drag it through the streets-and apparently the strain on Paignton's resources was too great, as lie almost in the shadow of there has been no baking since that year!

one made in 1809 give some idea of the size of

the delicacy: 400 lb. of flour, 170 lb. beef-suet, 140 lb. raisins, and 240 eggs. This particular pudding was drawn round the town, on a decorated

"St. Ives is another haunt beloved of artists. . St. Ives takes its name from the Irish St. Ia, who came over miraculously in the fifth century. . Life in St. Ives revolves around the two bathing beaches.'

Although for centuries a fishing village, and still the principal fishing port of Devon, Brixham has a picturesqueness which is irresistibly attractive to holiday-makers. It is grey and old, with narrow streets connected by long flights of steps. Brixham is very curiously owned, and has more Lords and Ladies of the Manor than any other town. Not only was it divided into quarters, each with its own overlord, but one quarter was purchased by a group of



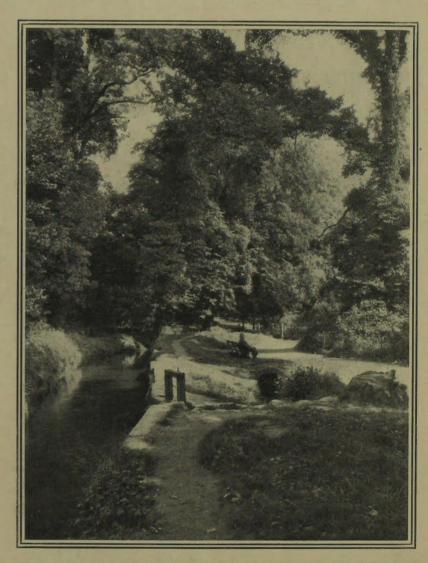
RUGGED BEAUTY: KYNANCE COVE, NEAR THE LIZARD, A PLACE OF EXQUISITE LOVELINESS. Within half a mile of the Lizard town is Landewednack, a picturesque village which is a very fitting prelude to an excursion, not only to the Lizard Head, but to the exquisite loveliness of Kynance Cove.

ranean littoral. Palm-trees and sub-tropical plants flourish as treely, whilst, instead of the comparatively regular outline of the French coast, Torbay is broken into innumerable fascinating coves. Oddicombe and Babbacombe Bays are colourful with ruby cliffs crowned with bright green grass, and the intensely blue sea creaming on their dazzlingly white beaches. Meadfoot Bay has the tenderer colouring of silvery limestone cliffs, and Anstey's Cove is a tiny fairyland reached through shady woodlands where nasturtiums make vivid pools of colour to brighten the cool greenness. One of the special charms of Torquay is the number of cliff paths which are sacred to the use of pedestrians, where the sight and sound of wheeled traffic cannot penetrate; but not even the ubiquitous charabancs can spoil the charm of a walk through leafy country lanes to Cockington-that fascinating Devon village immortalised by many painters—or to Marychurch, Barton, Compton Castle, and the innumerable other justly famous beauty spots in the neighbourhood.

of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance" — the former at the Pavilion and the

latter on the pier.

The manor of Paignton has belonged to the See of Exeter since Saxon times, and the last occupant of the palace there was the famous Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, who made the first translation of the Bible into English. Yet, with all these distinctions, the pride of Paignton's citizens is centred on the memory of the famous "White reputed to take "seven years in the making, seven in the baking, and seven in the eating." Actually, it took three days to cook, and far less to consume! The ingredients of



CHARM IN A CENTRE WHICH BOASTS THAT YOU CAN VISIT ANY BEAUTY-SPOT IN DEVONSHIRE WHILE STAYING THERE, AND RETURN IN TIME FOR DINNER!: NEWTON ABBOT-BRADLEY WOODS.

'It is Newton Abbot's boast that you can visit any beauty-spot in Devon whilst staying there, and return in time for dinner. Apart from this very special attraction for tourists, it has claims of its own upon the interest of visitors."

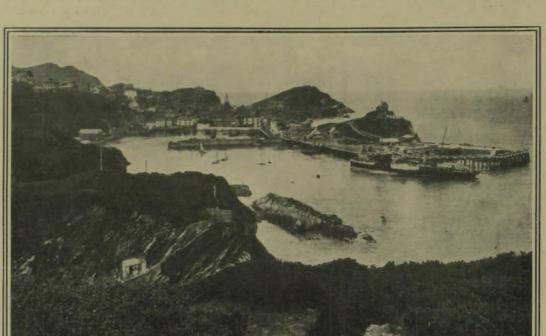
fishermen, whose descendants are known The story of the landing of William Quay Lords. of Orange at Brixham has been told and retold until it is familiar to most people, but few know that the first Vicar of Lower Brixham Church was the composer of such popular hymn tunes as "Abide with Me" and "Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven."

Few sights are more memorable than the first view of the marvellous old

seaport of Dartmouth from Kingswear, with the broad still river winding between steep tree-clad hills to the strangely alluring beauty of that fascinating town. Dartmouth defies modernity. Its red - brick market - place is unique, and its ancient Butterwalk a joy. Its splendid church testifies to the wealth of its merchants in the Middle Ages. Strange-looking seafolk walk the streets with stocking caps on their long hair and ear-rings in their ears. Dartmouth was the cradle of the British Navy, and invariably furnished the King with more ships for his wars than any other English town. Dartmouth men have ever been a wild and reckless race, and few towns have been better equipped by Nature to defy the enemy. The report of a Spanish spy who stated in 1599 that "it is not walled—the mountains are its walls" aptly describes the hills which sink straight and deep to the water's edge. To see it is to think of pirates-it

would have been flying in
the face of Providence for Dartmouth men not to
make their own town a pirate stronghold!
Salcombe to-day is a sleepy little village, but it
has known stirring times. It was the last place to hold out for Charles I., and so gallantly did Sir Edmund

Fortescue defend it that he was allowed to march away with his arms and with colours flying. The Castle is now but a battered shell on a rock surrounded by water, and the little town straggling down the hillside only seems alive in its bustling harbour; but the rich beauty of its scenery and lovely Bolt Head are attracting so many visitors each year that Salcombe may yet see the return of its former greatness.



ATTRACTIVE FROM EACH OF ITS VIEW-POINTS: ILFRACOMBE-" NESTLING IN DEEP HOLLOWS AMONG LOFTY TORS."

"Ilfracombe, nestling in deep hollows among lofty tors, is attractive from each of its view-points, and each of these gives superb views of the Channel and the rugged cliffs and hills encircling the bay.'

> The sister towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport are now so closely associated that it is impossible to say where one begins and the other ends. Stonehouse is the least attractive of the sisterhood, but in some ways Devonport rivals Plymouth in

interest. Two hundred and fifty years ago its site was a bleak common with a few scattered farms. To-day the town and Naval Dockyards stretch for miles along the Hamoaze, and add to the attractions of the older seaport. Plymouth has known many vicissitudes. It was raided time and again by Danes, Saxons, Vikings, French, Dutch, Spaniards, and even Turkish and Moorish corsairs, but there is little trace

of such mishaps in the town to-day. Many of the old buildings have been pulled down to make room for wide streets and splendid shops, but traces of the ancient borough may still be found, especially in the network of streets radiating from the Barbican, where many broad oak staircases, curious doorways, and old oriel windows with deep window-seats are reminiscent of the time when Plymouth entertained Queen Elizabeth and the Golden Age of English adventurers was at its height. The famous Hoe (a promenade on the cliffs) on which Drake played his historic game of bowls, commands much the same view as it did in his day, across the vast expanse of Plymouth Sound, gay with the passing and repassing of every type of vessel, and encircled by Staddon Heights and Mount Edgcumbe, with the fortified Drake's Island lving midway between the

It is only from the crest of one of the encircling ranges of hills that the in-

tricate waterways of Looe River and its ramifications can be seen, and the full charm of Looe realised. The twin towns, embowered in apple orchards, cling to the hillside along the shores of Looe River and its land-locked natural harbour. East Looe boasts an ancient Meat Market

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## PENZANCE

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and a fine old Guildhall in which is preserved a pillory—one of the few remaining in the country—and West Looe, though more modern, still retains many of its old-world thatched cottages.

The greatest sea traditions of Cornwall are bound

ip with the history of Fowey, which once furnished the English King with more ships than even the Cinque Ports could boast, and provided Edward III. with no fewer than forty-seven ships for the slege of Calais, against the twenty - five provided by London on that occasion.

Falmouth is the youngest of all Cornish seaside towns. Three centuries ago there were only a few cottages on the site, clustered round the manor of the Killigrews; and the centles Pandonnia and St. the castles Pendennis and Mawes, built by Henry VIII. had no other purpose than to guard the estuary. It is amazing that its possibilities were not realised sooner, for, though the vast harbour is so split up into delightful bays and creeks that a hundred ships could anchor in it and not see each other's masts, the anchorage is perfectly safe Falmouth did not adopt its present name until after the Restoration, when its church was built and dedicated to Charles I., King and Martyr a dedication which is shared by only three other churches in England. The deep-blue lagoons running far inland, and the palm - trees and exotic ferns and plants which grow so luxuriantly in Falmouth,

give it a strangely un-English air; but the charming villages of St. Anthony-in-Roseland and St. Just-in-Roseland, on the opposite shore, are typical of the

unspoiled English hamlet, with a dreamlike loveliness worthy of their delightful names.

Almost every visitor to that famous beauty spot, the Lizard Head, reaches it by way of Lizard town, which occupies a very prominent situation prelude to an exploration of the Lizard Head and the exquisite loveliness of Kynance Cove, is almost unknown.

The situation of Penzance alone is sufficient to ensure its lasting popularity with beauty lovers.

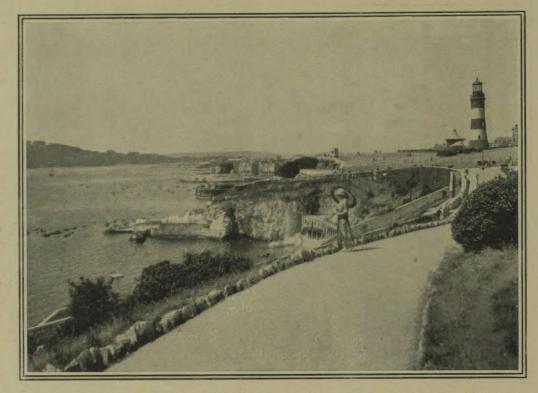
Mount's Bay, jewelled with

Mount's Bay, jewelled with St. Michael's Mount, which has been a shrine and sanctuary since the dawn of Christianity, is endlessly fascinating, changing with the play of light and shade throughout the day—clear-cut in the glare of mid-day, mistily entrancing in the pearly haze of dawn, and glowing in the rays of the setting sun. The little villages on the shores of Mount's Bay are as quaintly picturesque as their soft, fascinating Cornish names, Marazion and Mousehole, delightful as only Cornish villages can be Artists flock to Mount's Bay, and a very flourishing colony has been established at Newlyn.

JUNE 15, 1929

St. Ives is another haunt beloved of artists. It is a mellow, lovable place in a wild and awe-inspiring country-side. Its white houses lie on the hillside bathed in sunshine, and narrow lanes plunge under dusky archways down to the bustling harbour. St. Ives takes its name from the Irish St. Ia, who came over miraculously in the fifth century. The church and market place date from the fifteenth century, and there is a lovely fifteenth-century cross outside the

south door of the church which, though of fine workmanship, is invariably overlooked. Life in St. Ives revolves round the two bathing beaches, [Continued overleaf.



STILL RETAINING TRACES OF THE ANCIENT BOROUGH, BUT CHARMINGLY MODERN IN ITS APPEAL: PLYMOUTH.

"Traces of the ancient borough may still be found, especially in the network of streets radiating from the Barbican, where many broad oak staircases, curious doorways, and old oriel windows with deep window-seats are reminiscent of the time when Plymouth entertained Queen Elizabeth and the Golden Age of English adventurers was at its height. The famous Hoe (a promenade on the cliffs), on which Drake played his historic game of bowls, commands much the same view as it did in his day."

on the magnificent headland; but within half a mile lies Landewednack, a picturesque village which, though equally accessible and a far more fitting

PLYMOUTH as a PORT of CALL In 1928

653 HOMEWARD-BOUND OCEAN LINERS CALLED representing

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FRENCH LINE: CIE. GLE. TRANSATLANTIQUE, LTD., 20, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1.

AND ALL LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS.

Continued.] sleepy, sheltered Porthminster and Porthmeor, where green Atlantic rollers tempt more hardy bathers to indulge in surf-riding. High above Porthminster beach is the pleasant, ivy-clad house which was originally the home of the local squires, and has now been converted into the Tregenna Castle Hotel.

Built about 150 years ago, it stands in a hundred acres of park and woodlands, and, apart from the addition of those amenities which are a feature of modern hotels, it remains much as it was a century ago.

Newquay is one of those refreshingly original popular seaside resorts which have no "marine parade" and, fortunately, its situation ensures that its peculiar charm will always be retained, for the town is built on the top of high cliffs which drop sheer to a vast expanse of golden sands. There are huge rocky coves in which to bathe and idle away the sunny days, and delightful coves to tempt the more energetic Bathing is safe at all tides, and many families spend the whole day on the beach of their favourite bay. Beyond the beaches which lie immediately below the town, there is much to explore: Porth Island, on which there is a blowhole which spouts as the waves break in a gully; Watergate Bay, where the cliffs are honeycombed with huge caverns; the strange rock shapes of Bedruthan Steps; and the picturesque village of Mawgan, in the charming Valley of Lanherne.

Though it has a long and stirring history, Ilfracombe is so entirely modern in appearance that the stories associated with its earlier days almost seem like incongruous legends.

Known to the Saxons as Alfreincombe, by the time of Edward III. it was a flourishing seaport. Practically the only relic it retains of the Middle Ages is a twelfth-century church with a fine Norman font and a Jacobean pulpit. When the



THE QUEEN OF THE ENGLISH RIVIERA: TORQUAY-"AMAZINGLY LIKE A PERFECT BLENDING OF THOSE LOVELY TOWNS TEWELLING THE CÔTE D'AZUR.'

"Torquay's houses are terraced on hillsides, like those of Cannes and Monte Carlo; her flowers rival those of Beaulieu. The far-flung crescent of Torbay—forty miles of sapphire sea shimmer between its white cliffs—is as gay with yachts The far-flung crescent of as the Mediterranean littoral. Palm-trees and sub-tropical plants flourish as freely."

> church was enlarged in the thirteenth century there were added carved stone corbels which showed a lean cow, Chechevache, which is starved

because her diet was restricted to good women; and Bycorn, a fat cow, which grew replete upon a diet of long-suffering husbands

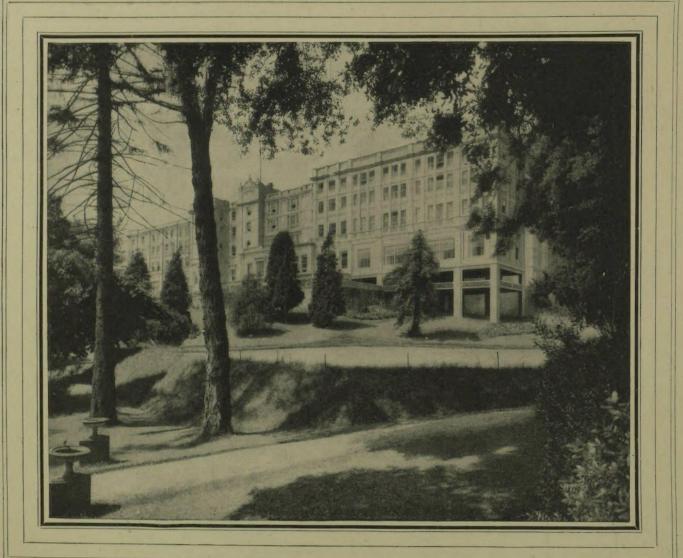
Ilfracombe, nestling in deep hollows among lofty tors, is attractive from each of its view-points, and

each of these gives superb views of the Channel and the rugged cliffs and hills encircling the bay. Ilfracombe is particularly fortunate in its hotels, which are not only numerous, but unusually well appointed, the principal ones being the Imperial, a well-known spacious private hotel facing Capstone Hill; and the Runnacleave Hotel, with its magnificent ball-room and resident dance

Minehead is one of the most unique seaside towns in the West Country. The almost universal impression that it consists solely of an unattractive modern town overflowing with tourists is entirely erroneous. Half-hidden in the glorious pine woods of North Hill is the pic-turesque nucleus from which the pleasant modern town has sprung, with a history dating back to long before the Conquest. Broad, shallow steps lead up from the ancient houses grouped round the old harbour to the church on the brow of the hill. With the magnificent views, obtainable from the porch, of Dunster Woods and the heights of Dunkery, and the remark-ably fine carving to be found inside, the old church is well worth a visit.

Apart from its other claims as a holiday resort, Minehead is the centre for some of the most charming beauty spots in

Somerset.



THE terms at the Palace include golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash racquets, badminton, swimming pool, dancing, cinema and entertainments - facilities for all of which are provided actually

in the hotel and its grounds. Private suites or bedrooms with The hotel baths may be reserved. garage (with private accommodates 70 cars. garage (with lock-ups) Visitors servants' quarters are available. A

fully illustrated brochure, maps of selected tours in the West Country, will be sent free to any prospective visitor. Summer reservations should be made at

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The famous Scenic Gems-BABBACOMBE, ODDICOMBE, WATCOMBE, MAIDEN-COMBE, ANSTEY'S COVE, BEACON COVE, COCKINGTON, etc., are all within easy reach, and TORQUAY is also a splendid centre for the exploration of beautiful and romantic Dartmoor.

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The Season's crowning festival. Society in the Stands, the masses on the rails.

The excitement of the Racing, a scramble for lunch, jostling in the





Takes it out of one. "There's that dance to-night," says the Stands "How my legs ache!" says the Rails.

Get home, good people, and wash with Wright's Coal Tar Soap, you will never know you have felt tired, it is so refreshing



## WRIGH COAL TAR SOAP

Protects from infection

6d. per tablet. Bath size 10d.

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## Elvery's Waterproofs are Ideal for the Races

The Gents' Waterproof illustrated is carried out in Double Textured Lightweight Indiana, an attractive material which resists rain and wind, keeping the wearer dry and snug in the severest weather. It can be obtained belted or unbelted, and makes suitable wear for Race Meetings and all other occasions.

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Goods sent on approval on receipt of deposit or London reference.

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Waterproof Textured Light-Indiana. With Double Indiana. weight or without

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And Five Consolation Prizes of £10 each.

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#### 'Céad Míle Fáilte Go h-Eireann'

(A Hundred Thousand Welcomes to Ireland).

For charm, variety and a climate equal to the South of France and the more bracing air of Norway, there is nothing to beat an Irish Holiday. From Bray Head to Cape Clear; from Achill Head to Carnsore Point the contrasting beauty of the scenery holds you spellbound; rugged landscape of sea and mountain, lake, river, woodland and moorland have a fascination that you will find nowhere else. Ireland is the Fisherman's paradise.

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Circular Tour Tickets from Euston or Paddington, embracing Cork, Killarney, Connemara and Wicklow, give tourists the choice of alternative routes, and there is also a wide selection of cheap local Tours.

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## DRYAD COLOURED CANE FURNITURE

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This chair is one of the many new Dryad Coloured Cane designs. The frame is of brown malacca and in this particular example wrapped in part with black -enamelled cane. The weaving is a pleasant combination of black and gold. The chair is also made in similar combinations of colours, such as green and blue, red and white, black and orange, etc. In addition to this style our range also includes chairs sprayed all one colour, or in natural cane with colour introduced.

Write for name of nearest agent and illustrated catalogue post free.

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# DAINTY & ORIGINAL SEA SUIT IN TAFFETA

Bugatti Sea Suit, carried out in black taffeta with a contrasting band of colour or white down front of bodice forming a background for the trimming of buttons, the four-tiered frilly skirt is a delightful relief to the fitting bodice.

#### Price 59/6

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Also the submarine

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We have also a large range of O.S. costumes in wool and silk in all colours and

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exist to give poor boys and girls a chance in life, and to help them to become good and useful men and women.

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£36 will keep a Girl One Year in one of our Girls' Homes. .

£40 will give a Boy a Year's Home and Training. £75 will give a Boy a Chance of One Year in the Training Ship "Arethusa."

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#### THE HOLIDAYS-AND A SUGGESTION.

EVERYONE is preparing for the holidays. Business and work are taking second place in our thoughts, and holiday matters come to the foreground. We would ask our readers, on the eve of their departure for weeks of enjoyment, to give a thought to those who have never had a holiday

Sixty-two years ago, Dr. Barnardo, in the early days of his work, was obliged to refuse admission to a small boy nicknamed "Carrots," promising him the next vacancy in his home. Shortly after this he learned that "Carrots" had been found dead in the streets from exposure and starvation. The Doctor thereupon determined that, whether funds were at hand or not, no destitute child should ever again he refused admission. And this high resolve has been child should ever again be refused admission. And this high resolve has been



THE PATIENT: TREATING A CASE AT THE ANIMALS' HOSPITAL OF OUR DUMB FRIENDS LEAGUE.

steadfastly adhered to, with the result that no fewer than 105,000 children have passed through the ever-open doors of the Barnardo Homes, and have found comfort and the chance to embark on a useful career. This is surely as deserving a cause as we could wish to find in our search for somebody to help. The address of the organisation's headquarters is 18-26, Stepney Causeway, E.I.

The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society is the Church's own society for saving and training orphan, ill-treated, and uncared-for children. Founded in 1881 by Prebendary Rudolf, it now maintains 110 homes, including two in Canada. At the present time the Society's family numbers 4759 children. Altogether, 33,000 children have been received, and during the War the Society sheltered about 2600 children of men who were on active service. The majority of the Homes are comparatively small, so that the little inmates may receive as much individual care and attention as possible. Children are received from all parts of England and Wales, and here again

"The most desperate of Human Calamities"-**DEAF** and **DUMB** 

In London alone there are 4,000

Some features of our work:

INDIVIDUAL HELP. A specially trained Staff of Chaplains and Lay-workers spend their lives among them, assisting them to secure employment; interpreting in all difficulties, in Hospitals, Courts and Prisons.

RESCUE HOME FOR DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS—for those who, already handicapped by affliction, have fallen by the way.

THE BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB—to enable those without sight, hearing, or in many cases speech, to live a human life.

Bring a ray of Sunshine to the Deaf and Dumb GIFTS welcomed by GRAHAM W. SIMES, Sec.,

ROYAL ASSOCIATION in aid of the

413, Oxford Street

no really destitute child is refused. Application for admission of a child can be made by anyone, and each case is considered on its merits. Further information will be gladly given by the Secretary, the Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D., at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.II.

There is another organisation through the medium of which thousands of There is another organisation through the medium of which thousands of destitute little ones have had their chance—namely, the Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training-Ship. This institution maintains homes for girls and boys. In the former, £36 will help a girl for a year, while in the boys' homes £40 is needed for a similar period. A chance of one year in the world-famous training-ship Arethusa can be obtained for £75. All the children who pass through this institution receive a sound, practical training, and many of them have left fine records behind them. The Arethusa was founded in 1843, and all the boys trained on board this fine old vessel have had their chance. Those who would like to secure the same chance for other boys should write to who would like to secure the same chance for other boys should write to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, E.C.2.

Now we come to a different aspect of suffering, but one which is none the Now we come to a different aspect of suffering, but one which is none the less urgent. The Cancer Hospital, in the Fulham Road, S.W.3, has sent out a pressing appeal for funds, which will help towards the enlargement and improvement of the existing accommodation for treatment of cases by radium and X-rays. A further need exists for the provision of private wards where skilled medical and nursing service can be obtained by patients who are able to contribute. Poor patients will still be admitted to the Cancer Hospital (Free) without letters or payment, and a number of beds are provided for inoperable patients, who are kept comfortable and free from pain. It is quite unnecessary for us to stress the urgency of this appeal. The dire nature of this terrible malady, and the very high cost of radium and X-ray apparatus, this terrible malady, and the very high cost of radium and X-ray apparatus, combine to make this one of the causes most worthy of assistance from all

On Tuesday, June 25, at Wyndham's Theatre, will be held an "All-Star" matinée organised by the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb. H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught will be present, and some sixtéen well-known artists are generously giving their services. For those who can hear and speak, this matinée will afford an excellent opportunity of assisting those unfortunates who are cut off from their fellows by lack of speech or hearing. and who have no chance ever of enjoying a similar display. Tickets can be obtained at the theatre, the usual libraries, or from the office of the Association at 413, Oxford Street. Here is a suggestion for that kindly act which could be performed before setting off for the holidays.

In the mass of human suffering, and the thousands of distressed cases among our own kind, we are apt to forget that our dumb friends have a claim to consideration. We all love dogs, horses, and pets of every description, and we take good care that our own are well fed, well exercised, and well cared for generally ally. They give us their whole love and devotion, and are our constant companions, whatever the rest of the world thinks of us. But what about those which have not had their chance? Ill-used, starved, straying, diseased, who will look after them? They cannot complain, or state their case. They are always on the losing side. When an acute case is brought directly to our notice we are shocked and anxious to help. But, through the medium of Our Dumb Friends League, at 72, Victoria Street, S.W.1, we can help all sorts of cases more acute than any of which we have ever heard. Aid can be rendered in three ways, by joining the League as a full member (subscriptions are one guinea yearly) or as an associate member (annual subscription from half-acrown upwards). Alternatively, donations may be sent to the general or the branch funds; or, thirdly, gifts may be sent for fancy fairs and jumble sales.

In a little book entitled "The Blue Train," the Church Army, which works from 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.I, makes a direct appeal to holidaygoers. The Church Army has eight Fresh-Air Holiday Homes, and here a mother and young baby can have two weeks' holiday for £2 2s., while £5 will give a mother and three children a fortnight by the sea. Although seven of these Homes are open all the year round, the organisers are particularly anxious that as many poor families as possible should be able to take advantage of the brief sunshine months. Contributions towards filling the Church Army's "Blue Train" should be sent to the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., at headquarters, and will be especially acceptable at this season.

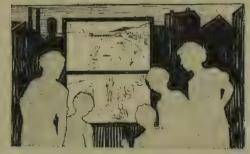
The above instances suffice to show that the cheerful giver, before setting off on his or her holiday, has innumerable opportunities of brightening the

#### JUST "LOOKERS-ON"

#### INBEARABLE DWELLINGS-

stifling, overcrowded streets-Summer means nothing more to the pale children and tired mothers of slumland.

The Church Army Fresh Air Homes give many hundreds a change by countryside and sea—pure fresh air, real sunshine, good food and rest.
Will YOU help?



£5 gives a poor, tired mother and three children a fortnight's holiday.

£1.1s. gives one week's holiday to a poor, tired mother with baby.

Smaller or larger gifts also welcomed.

Cheques crossed "Barclays alc Church Army," payable to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.I.

CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



This Barnardo Baby has nearly 8,000 brothers and sisters. Will you help to feed them?

Dr. Barnardo's Homes are making their Annual Appeal for 400,000 Half-Crowns for the Children's Food. Nearly 8,000 boys and girls and babies are being supported—the Largest Family in the World. It equals a Town. Think of supporting a Town! Please send them Half-a-Crown. You always send to the Half-Crown Appeal.

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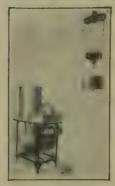
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#### SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1929.

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#### LABOUR PRIME MINISTER FOR THE SECOND TIME: THE RIGHT HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, P.C.

In company with members of his Cabinet and other Ministers, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the new Prime Minister, went to Windsor Castle on June 8 to receive his Seal of Office from the King and to Kiss Hands upon appointment. Mr. MacDonald, we need scarcely recall, was Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Labour Government of 1924. In the present Government he is Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. On the evening of the day on which he received his Seal, he created a precedent by giving an unexpected broadcast address from

2LO. In the course of this he said: "We are losing no time in grappling with the duties imposed on us. We have to work for peace in industry, in home affairs, and also for peace abroad. . . . I hope most sincerely that the nation will quietly and buoyantly go on with its task of industrial recovery and expansion. We want to get into touch with you, and we shall be inviting the representatives of both sides, employers and employed, in essential industries, to confer with us in special work for the good of our people." Mr. MacDonald will, in due course, take up his residence at 10, Downing Street.

1026-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-June 15, 1929

#### JUNE 15, 1929-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-1027

THE LABOUR CABINET: A GROUP OF MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND HIS COLLEAGUES-INCLUDING THE In saming the Ministers, as seen in the group, we give, of course, their offices, and we add their salaries and first gate. From left to right in the front row are Min. J. R. Clynas, Secretary of State for Home Affairs (65000); aged 601; Lord Parmoon, Lord President of the Council (25000); aged 761; Mr. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy, Mr. J

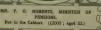


MR. TOM IOHNSTON, PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

Not in the Cabinet. (£1200; aged 46.)









MR, HERBERT MORRISON, MINISTER Not in the Cabinet. (£2000; aged 41.)

In connection with these photographs, it is of interest to remark that the average age of the members of the new Government is fifty-eight, compared with the fifty-seven of the late Cabinet; for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, writing in "Forward" the other day, and dealing with his Party's policy and its evolution, said: ". . . It is not well that slackening hands and minds should be too long in possession. The young must have room. . . . Nothing could be worse for a Party and the Nation than that energy and ideas should be kept chafing in impotence until the soythe of Death cuts the withering obstacles to their exercise and liberty." And a word may be said, also, of beginnings; for, in the majority of cases, the progress made very obviously called for unusual qualities and for strenuous endeavour. Mr. Clynes was working in a cotton mill when he was ten. Lord Parmoor, son of a Queen's Counsel, made his name as Mr. C. A. Cripps, K.C. Mr. J. H. Thomas was an errand boy at nine, and afterwards engine-cleaner, fireman, and driver. Mr. Snowden was in the Civil Service for seven years, and then studied Economics. Mr. MacDonald, who was a pupil teacher, used to earn 15s. a week when he first came to London, by

#### THE SECOND BRITISH LABOUR GOVERNMENT: THE MEMBERS OF THE MACDONALD CABINET AND OTHER MINISTERS.



FIRST WOMAN CABINET MINISTER-TAKEN IN THE GARDEN OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, ON JUNE 10. (1000); aged 52]; and Captain Wedgewood Benn, Secretary of State for India (5500); aged 52]. From left in the back row are: Mr. George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works (2000); aged 70]; Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty (24500); aged 43]; Sir C. P. Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education of War (5500); aged 45]; Mr. Tom Shaw, Secretary of State for India (5000); aged 45]; Mr. Tom Shaw, Secretary of State or War (5500); aged 45]; Mr. Tom Shaw, Secretary of State or War (5500); aged 45]; Mr. Tom Lord (5500); aged 45]; Mr. Tom Lord (5500); aged 45]; Mr. Tom Lord (5500); aged 45]; Mr. W. Graham, President of the Board of Trade (5500); aged 47]; and Mr. W. Admann, Secretary of State for Stooland (62500); aged 46).









MR. H. B. LEES SMITH, POSTMASTER-Not in the Cabinet, (£2500; aged 50.)

MR. W. JOWITT, K.C., ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Not in the Cabinet. (£7000 and fees; aged 43.)

(£6000 and fees; in the 'forties.)

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, BT., CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

Not in the Cabinet. (£2000; aged 31.)

writing involces. Mr. Henderson was an apprentice moulder. Mr. Sydney Webb was a cierk in a Colonial broker's office; then a cierk in the War Office; and then a Surveyor of Taxes. Lord Justice Sankey won his way to a Judgeship in 1914, and made fresh fame for himself as Chairman of the 1919 Coal Commission. Captain Wedgwood Benn has progressed from Liberal M.P. and Liberal Whip. He joined the Labour Party in 1927. Mr. Lansbury was in the timber trade. Mr. Alexander was a chief clerk for Higher Education, Someraet County Council. Sir C. P. Trevelyan was a Liberal M.P. Miss Bondfield was a shop-assistant. Lord Thomson, who has seen much service, retired in 1919, as a Brigadier-General. Mr. Shaw was a textile worker. Mr. Greenwood was a lecturer in Economics. Mr. Graham was a War Office clerk, Mr. Adamson worked in a mine at eleven. As to Ministers not in the Cabinet: Mr. Johnston is Editor of "Forward." Mr. Roberts was a compositor. Mr. Morrison was once an errand boy. Mr. Jowitt won Preston for the Liberals at the General Election. He joined the Labour Party on June 5. Sir Oswald Mosley has been Conservative M.P., Independent, and Labour. Certain lesser appointments have still to be announ



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE capacity of Mr. Epstein for carving an Aunt Sally, which shall immediately serve as a sort of cockshy for controversialists, whether it bears the name of Night or Rima, or anything else, is not in itself any reflection on his genius. There have been great works of art which were provocative, especially when they were prophetic. Nevertheless, there are problems in the position of those who regard Mr. Epstein as a prophet; especially if the prophecy consists in claiming to set up to-day something that may possibly be admired in a thousand years. truth is that nobody has, in this matter, faced the fundamental problem; which is not so much the nature of Mr. Epstein's sculpture as the nature of any sculpture. Sculpture is normally a public and monumental art; and the real question raised is whether any art can be public or monumental. Granted that any artist may have a conviction that he is right, or even granted that any artist must be right in thinking he is right, the question still remains: why should he stick it up in stone to be stared at by all the people who are certain to think

he is wrong? The truth is that the whole conception of a public monument comes down to us from times when men did not feel this immense distance between the craftsman and the crowd. If they had, they would never have set the craftsman to work solely for the crowd. In that case there would never have been any such trifles as the Parthenon or the Cathedral of Seville, let alone the more important products of the modern artists of the moment.

Even those who think that the "Night" of Mr. Epstein is all right would probably con-cede that the "Night" of Michael Angelo is also, in its way, all right. It is quite true Michael Angelo knew it was all right, and would have maintained it against any rivals who should have said it was all wrong. It is quite true that the ordinary populace passing the monuments of the Medici did not appreciate its rightness so rightly as he. But it is not true (and this is where the modern row begins) that even the populace regarded Michael Angelo's figure, with its bowed head and somnolent profile, as a sort of monster or merely a If they thought about it, they thought it was all right, only they did not understand how right. There was not present that sharp, angry, popular feeling that it was all wrong; and that, as I say, is the beginning of a problem that is not solved satisfactorily either

by the Futurists or the Philistines. In other words, there was for some reason or other a community of feeling between the sculptor and the spectator, which may, in a very exact significance, be called common sense. Art involves not only sense but sensibility; but the sense was the same if the sensibility was different. That is how we know that something has really happened, in modern art and appreciation, really happened, in modern are underly the artist which is not disposed of either by calling the artist which which we calling the public a mob. Whichever of the two we think right, there is something wrong. Either the artist has really become an anarchist, and is in merely restless and unbalanced rebellion against the traditions of civilisation; or, else public opinion has in some way halted or fallen behind the normal intellectual leadership which it used to follow. is the problem of public art; and it does not seem to be understood either by the artist or the public.

The next truth that is, I think, too little realised is this. All art is religious art; and all public art should really be of the religion of the people. This will seem to many a paradox at once sweeping and But it is true; and it is the truth that was missed both by the æsthetes and the moralists in the old debate on whether "art is unmoral." All art is not necessarily moral, in the sense of practical. But all art is religious, because religion includes both practice and theory, both morality and art. Religion is the sense of ultimate reality, of whatever meaning a man finds in his own existence or the existence of anything else. It may be, and sometimes is, an evil religion; it may be even what superficial critics would call an irreligious religion. But whatever is his conception of the cosmos and the consciousness, that will be in his art, even when his practical private morality is not particularly noticeable in it. not say that by staring at the Great Pyramid I can discover whether the builder of the Pyramids was in the habit of paying his debts or quarrelling with his

that is alien because it is artistic, and believe that anything is artistic because it is advanced. Plain men do detect something deeper even than morals, which is metaphysics; and know the metaphysics are hostile to their own. In a sense it is true that every hostile to their own. In a sense it is true that every image is an idol; that is, about every statue there lingers something of the faint pagan tradition of sacrifice and divine honours. The people feel that, if there is to be popular art, it ought to express popular religion. The people are right; though the artist might sometimes retort that they have now no religion to be expressed. Being myself a man in the street, and a mere casual figure in the crowd, I can testify to my own reactions in a case like that of the "Night" of Mr. Epstein. I can see that it has fine lines in it; the broad sweep of the hand like a great flapper, as if flattening

at the alien image. On the contrary, they are subtle

and penetrating and perceptive. They are art critics of the fine shades of the fine arts. They are certainly

much better art critics than those who swallow anything

out the prostrate and already featureless sleeper, is deliberately and not clumsily flat. But when I look up at the face of the goddess, my instinctive and instantaneous comment is: "This man thinks that Night, that watches over a sleeping world, is a Chinese opium hag. there are people who do think that Night, and natural cosmic laws of the kind, are of the same spiritual quality as that of a Chinese opium hag. But Night is not a Chinese opium hag. Michael Angelo knew it was not; Angelo and I had the same religion, and that even the villages who are quarrelling ever get the more if it is a masterpiece. street are blind and ignorant and cannot see the meaning.

and I know it is not; and any-body who has seen the nightfall in a village of the Downs knows it is not." I should say that this was because Michael were founded by men in the same tradition. But anyhow, that is the real root of the quarrel; and very few of those down to it. It is not because the disputed work of art is a meaningless monstrosity. On the contrary, it is because it has a meaning, and has it all It is not because the men in the

On the contrary, it is because they do see the meaning and

I repeat that a logical innovator would abolish popular art, instead of trying artificially to would encourage the individual

know it is not what they mean.

artist to keep his imaginative work entirely individual. He would tell him to keep his quaint or exotic emotions for those who understood them; to design his delicate monsters and exquisite nightmares for the studio or the private view or the private patron. But there has descended to us, from other ages of greater spiritual and political unity, the notion of a monumental art of the open air. As in so many things, we are going on doing something when we no longer know what we are doing or why we are doing it. If, as we are told, are doing or why we are doing it. If, as we are told, the abyss between the popular and the creative mind cannot be bridged, then it is useless to design a series of heroic sculptures to adorn an impossible bridge. The genius should carve goblins on his bed-post or wear fantastic statuettes round his hat, like the leaden images of Louis XI. But he should leave the statue in the street to the man in the street; or (preferably perhaps) blow it up with dynamite.



DARWIN'S OLD HOME (PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AS A NATIONAL MEMORIAL) OPENED' TO THE PUBLIC: SIR ARTHUR KEITH (STANDING BEFORE A WINDOW ON THE LEFT) READING HIS ADDRESS; WITH SIR WILLIAM BRAGG PRESIDING.

Charles Darwin's old home, Down House, at Downe, near Orpington, in Kent, where he lived and worked for almost forty Charles Darwin's old home, Down House, at Downe, near Orpington, in Kent, where he lived and worked for almost forty years, and died on April 19, 1882, was presented to the British Association, as a national memorial to the great naturalist, by Mr. G. Buckston Browne, F.R.C.S., the well-known surgeon and antiquary. who has also restored the house to its condition in Darwin's time, especially the study where "The Origin of Species" was written, and has assembled there many personal relics. On June 7 it was formally declared open free to the public. Sir William Bragg, President of the British Association, presided, and the opening ceremony was performed by Sir Arthur Keith, who was President when the gift was made. "Here," he said, "is enshrined the personality of a great man. . . Down House was an abode of goodness as well as of genius; that was one reason why it should become a national heritage." Other speakers included Dr. Joseph Leidy (representing the American Association for the Advancement of Science), who has presented a bust of Darwin by Charles Hartwell, and Professor R. Anthony, who spoke on behalf of French science.

> wife. But I do say that by looking at the Great Pyramid I know that the man who built it had a particular sort of religion, and a different religion from my own. I do not say that the pattern of a wall-paper will necessarily teach a moral lesson by examples, or be a woven tracery of the Ten Commandments. But I know a wall-paper pattern of Christendom from a pattern made by Moslems or Hindus or Chinamen all right.

> Now, this thing which is deeper even than moral-Now, this thing which is deeper even than morality, which we may, if we like, call philosophy, is always present in a work of art; and rather specially in a powerful work of art. And if the philosophy of the public monument is different from the philosophy of the public, the public is perfectly right in saying so. The men in the street are not stupid or blind or healthful when the street are stupid or blind or benighted when they throw things

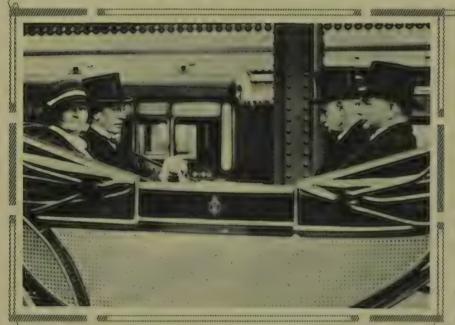
THE LABOUR MINISTERS RECEIVE THEIR SEALS AND KISS HANDS, AT WINDSOR.



SENTRIES AT "THE PRESENT" ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE LABOUR MINISTERS AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON JUNE 8: THE ROYAL CARRIAGES WITH MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND HIS COLLEAGUES ENTERING THE GROUNDS.



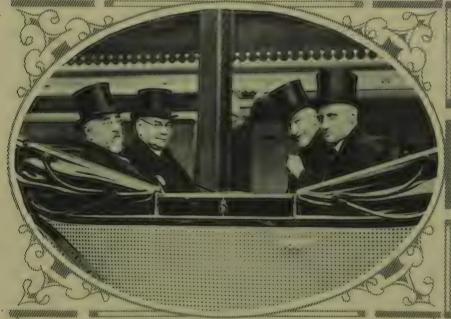
ONE OF THE MINISTERS WHO RECEIVED HIS SEAL OF OFFICE: SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, BT., CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, AT DOWNING STREET ON HIS RETURN FROM WINDSOR.



THE FIRST WOMAN CABINET MINISTER ON HER WAY TO THE CASTLE: MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, MINISTER OF LABOUR; MR. A. GREENWOOD, MINISTER OF HEALTH (LEFT, BACK)! MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS (RIGHT, BACK); AND MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



AT WINDSOR: MR. J. R. CLYNES, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR HOME AFFAIRS (LEFT FOREGROUND); MR. W. ADAMSON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND (LEFT, BACK); MR. J. H. THOMAS, LORD PRIVY SEAL (RIGHT FOREGROUND); AND MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



AT WINDSOR: MR. SIDNEY WEBB, DOMINION AFFAIRS AND THE COLONIES (LEFT FOREGROUND); MR. TOM SHAW, SECRETARY FOR WAR (LEFT, BACK); SIR C. P. TREVELYAN, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION (RIGHT FOREGROUND); AND MR. NOEL BUXTON, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



AT WINDSOR: MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, THE PRIME MINISTER (LEFT FORE-GROUND); LORD PARMOOR, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL (LEFT, BACK); MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS (RIGHT FOREGROUND); AND LORD THOMSON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR.

Windsor witnessed yet another historic sight on June 8, when the new Labour Prime Minister, the members of his Cabinet, and other Ministers, drove to the Castle in order to receive Seals of Office from H.M. the King and to Kiss Hands upon appointment. The party travelled by special train and then drove in State carriages. The Premier and his colleagues were received by Lord Stamfordham, and were then conducted to the Audience Chamber, where his Majesty presided over a meeting of the Privy Council, and those members of the Government who

were not already Privy Councillors (including Miss Margaret Bondfield) were sworn in Members of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. Lord Parmoor, the new Lord President of the Council, Kissed Hands and took the Oath of Office. Afterwards, Sir John Sankey, the new Lord Chancellor, received the Great Seal from his Majesty, took the Oath, and Kissed Hands. Mr. MacDonald was then sworn as First Lord of the Treasury and Kissed Hands. He was followed by Mr. J. H. Thomas and the other Cabinet Ministers and Ministers.

## **BOOKS**

RECENT oc-

in the political arena have set me musing on the elusive and variable nomenclature of Party labels. When I was young, and had no sense, I used to hear dark allusions to dangerous revolutionaries called Radicals, but in the course of ages they seem to have faded away. Perhaps they turned into respectable Liberals. To-day I am confronted with respectable Liberals. To-day I am confronted with another difficulty. What is the correct term for an adherent of the Labour Party? Surely not a Labourite! Some newspapers, I noticed, in recording election results, used the word "Labour," while others preferred "Socialists." Similarly, Mr. Baldwin's supporters were variously described as "Unionists" and "Conservatives." All this is very confusing and samebody ought to do something about confusing, and somebody ought to do something about it. "Labour" is a collective expression applicable to a Party, but hardly to an individual. "Socialist," on the other hand, is not quite synonymous, for it has been said that "we are all Socialists nowadays," but we don't all serve under Mr. MacDonald's banner.

I rather suspect, however, that in some quarters the word "Socialist" is regarded as a term of reproach,

if not a term of opprobrium, just as, in Gentlemen Prefer we .read : Blondes," "The button profession was full of bolshevicks who made nothing but trouble. Because Mr. Eisman feels that the country is really on the verge of the bolshevicks and I am quite wor-ried." Mr. Eisman reminds me of Sir Leicester Dedlock, who saw many indications that this country was going to the dogs. But it has not quite gone yet, and I have just been dipping into a book, written by one of higher rank than the pessimistic baronetby no less a person, in fact, than the premier Marquis of Scotland-where Socialism, in some forms, is not represented as the path to perdition. I refer to "AULD ACQUAINTANCE." Being further Re-

miniscences. By the Marquis of Huntly, P.C., LL.D., author. of "Milestones." With 24 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 24s.).

Let it not be supposed that Lord Huntly's delightful reminiscences are entirely concerned with politicsfar from it. They have a wide range of interest, social, literary, and sporting, and contain innumerable pen-portraits of famous people, including Queen Victoria and King Edward, Prince Leopold and the Duke of Teck, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lincolnshire, besides many other lesser lights, and they are exceedingly rich in humorous anecdote. As, however, political affairs are more topical at the moment, I propose here to dwell rather on that side of the work. There are, for example, some amusing passages relating to previous changes of Government. Thus, when Disraeli took office, there was much astonishment at the choice of a country squire as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Prime Minister thought it necessary to write to the Queen. "Mr. Ward Hunt's appearance [he informed her Majesty] is rather remarkable. . . . He is more than 6 ft. 4 in. in stature, but doesn't look so tall from his proportionate breadth; like St. Peter's at Rome, no one is at first aware of his dimensions. But he has the sagacity of the elephant as well as its form." Another anecdote relates to Sir John Astley—a sporting baronet. "He was returned M.P. for North Lincolnshire (1874-1880), and when I asked him how he got on in the House: 'Well,' he said, 'it was a job to find one's way about at first, but when I entered the House I had no difficulty in deciding which side to sit on. I knew the Rads at once by the cut of their jibs.'" Nowadays the Rads have given place to the Reds, to be succeeded perhaps by the Rids, the Rods, and the Ruds. I abstain from amplifying these prospective abbreviations.

This brings me to Lord Huntly's remarks on a political creed often described as "red" and associated with red ties. In a chapter on Balmoral he recalls a recent article by Mr. J. L. Garvin, accounting for the popularity of our Monarchy by the fact that "the increased intercourse between the people and the members of the Royal Family had produced a new socialism and placed the Crown on a fresh basis as the representative and trusted head of the Democracy." Lord Huntly considers that this social change began even before King Edward's time, under Queen Victoria. "Is it not more than an inference," he Victoria. "Is it not more than an interest," writes, "to suggest that during the Queen's life and experience in the Highlands the new socialism was born and that it spread from there until it permeated throughout the land?"

Socialism in this sense might be rather called sociability, but in another chapter, headed "Capital and Labour," Lord Huntly gives the word a more

political meaning. As far back as 1891, in his Rectorial Address to Aberdeen University, outlining an

EXCITING ADVENTURES AND NARROW ESCAPES IN A CHANNEL FOG: A REMARKABLE OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT RACE FROM DOVER TO CALAIS AND BACK-THE START FROM DOVER HARBOUR.

The Cross-Channel race on June 8, organised by the British Outboard Racing Club, resulted in an extraordinary chapter of accidents. The start was made from Dover about 4.30 p.m., and thirty-six competitors took part, including three women. In mid-Channel they encountered thick fog, and most of the boats lost their bearings or broke down. Craft of all kinds scoured the Channel for those missing, and eventually they were all landed at various ports, but it was not until 7 a.m. next morning that the last one was accounted for. This was Mr. Douglas Miller, who spent the night in his sinking boat until at daybreak he saw a lightship (off the Belgian coast) four miles away. Finally his boat sank; he swam the last three-quarters of a mile, and was picked up exhausted.

insurance scheme designed to improve the relations between employer and employed, he said: "State socialism has become a recognised principle in Great Britain"; and again: "What a future there is for State Socialism! It is the safest and only practical means of bestowing equal benefits on all classes of our race." These remarks, of course, should be read with their context.

Recollections of travel in France during the Franco-Prussian War, contained in a letter written to Lord Huntly by his brother from Versailles in January 1871, are interesting both from the writer's description of Prussian officers, whose behaviour was very similar to that recorded during the late European war," and also as a link with a new and admirable biography entitled "Napoleon the Third." By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. With eight Portraits (Nash and Grayson; 21s.). This book happily synchronises also with M. Sacha Guitry's operetta on the Second Empire—"Mariette"—recently produced at His Majesty's Theatre, and illustrated on another page in this number. in this number.

Mr. D'Auvergne presents the enigmatic Emperor in a much more favourable light than have previous biographers. "The present work (he says) is an attempt to read that riddle—if riddle there was; to get at the real nature of the man." The author points out further that " his hero was one of the most notable champions of that one-man system of government which is just now very much in the vogue. Napoleon believed in government for the people, but not by the people. He had as little use for Parliaments as

our modern dictators.

He wanted everybody to be happy-he hated cause pain; his last act was to constitute himself a prisoner in order that no more blood might be

In this connection Mr. D'Auvergne gives an interesting picture of the meeting between the van-quished Emperor and Wilhelm I. of Prussia after Sedan. "The old King took the Frenchman's hand and said something about the fortunes of war having decided between them . . . with a friendly, encouraging gesture, Wilhelm of Hohenzollern gripped the broken monarch by the arm and led him into an inner room. They discussed the battle and the origins of the war. . . . 'Really I think I cheered him up,' wrote the chivalrous old King to his wife."

In the last phase of Napoleon III. we get an interesting glimpse (very pathetic in the retrospect in view of after-events) of the exiled Emperor's later days in England. "Napoleon III. knew he was too old to attempt a 'return from Elba.' The future of the Bonapartes belonged to his son. He talked

history and politics to the boy as they paced the long corridor at Camden Place (Chislehurst) or walked in the grounds." Again: 'He declared at table, half in jest, half in earnest, that the Empress was a Legitimist and that he was a Socialist." Towards the end of his life " he dwelt much [we read] on a wild visionary scheme of a supreme council of the nations which he had mooted in 1865."

Sedan and its consequences affected the fortunes of another contemporary monarch, whose strange personality is por-trayed, in the vivid modern manner, in "Ludwig II. or "Ludwig II. or Bavaria." The Man of Illusion, by Guy de Pourtalès. Translated from the French by Charles Bayly Jr. With Portrait (Thornton Butterworth; 10s. 6d.). Some fresh archives at Munich,

including his own diary, have helped in telling the pathetic story of the mad King — the friend of Wagner and Nietzsche; the builder of fantastic palaces—whose last clouded days ended in a fatal "lake mystery."

At one or two points the story touches that of the Second Empire and its fall. "Napoleon III. received him (in the year of the Paris Exhibition) and took him to Pierrefonds, lunched him at Compiègne, where he felt 'wrapped in the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc.' When was looming between France and Prussia, "Ludwig II. feels a good deal closer allied to Louis of Versailles than to Wilhelm of Berlin." He resented the idea of Prussian hegemony and a German Empire; he refused to go in person to Versailles to propose the Imperial Crown for the King of Prussia, and did so reluctantly by letter under pressure from Bismarck. "Who would believe," adds M. de Pourtalès, that, with Ludwig II., the only German whom the great event at Versailles filled with an anguish that went as far as actual tears, was old King Wilhelm?"

Another lurid chapter in the history of France, seventy-eight years before Sedan, is recorded in "The Tragedy of an Army": La Vendée in 1793. By I. A. Taylor. New Edition. With nine Illustrations and a Map (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). This is the tale, ably told, of the Vendean peasant revolt (on the side of the Royalist cause against the French Revolution), which was stamped out with such ruthless ferocity, [Continued on page zziv.

#### THE LEADER OF THE THIRD PARTY: THE LIBERAL CHIEF.



UNPERTURBED: MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN THE GARDEN OF HIS COUNTRY HOME, BRON-Y-DE, CHURT, DURING THE WEEK-END; WITH HIS DAUGHTER, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, NOW M.P. FOR ANGLESEY.

At the moment of writing, Mr. Lloyd George has made no pronouncement as to the future policy of himself and of the Liberal Party; but by the time our issue appears something will have been heard from him. He arranged to meet the Liberal Parliamentary Party privately on Thursday last, the 13th, and to speak afterwards at a luncheon at the National Liberal Club. Meanwhile, he has been resting, and cogitating, at Bron-y-de, his country home at Churt, in Surrey; and doubtless ruminating over Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's recent statement: "... I wish to make it quite clear that I am going to stand no 'monkeying.' It will rest

with the other two parties and not with us whether there is to be an election sooner than in two years." At the General Election, Mr. Lloyd George was elected Member for Carnarvon, with 16,647 votes to the 7514 polled by the Conservative candidate, and the 4536 polled by the Labour candidate. His daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, was elected Member for Anglesey, with 13,181 votes to the Labour candidate's 7563, and the Conservative candidate's 5917. She is twenty-seven; and is an excellent speaker. Her brother, Major G. Lloyd George, won Pembroke for his father's party at the Election.

#### "SIKANDAR" FOUGHT. AORNOS LOCATED: WHERE

प्याप्त क्षा किया BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

#### "ON ALEXANDER'S TRACK TO THE INDUS": By SIR AUREL STEIN."

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

VITH "joyful excitement" that was very human, Sir Aurel Stein learnt at long last that it was diplomatically possible for him to study on the spot "a region beyond the administrative border of the Indian North-West Frontier not pre-viously accessible to Europeans"—the transborder tract of Upper Swat and the adjacent valleys.

"What drew my eyes so eagerly towards Swat," he writes, "was not merely the fame that this region, the ancient Uddiyana, had enjoyed in Buddhist tradition, nor the traces that early worship and culture were known to have left there in numerous

and seventy yards, below frowning cliffs of red sandstone. Here, too, there was evidence of vandal destruction, due to the search for 'Buts,' i.e., idols, for sale to collectors or dealers in British cantonments. A stupa, seen on the way to the Swat Kohistan, had no recognisable base and consisted merely of a bare core of masonry. Sir Aurel says: "I thought I could identify it with Hsuan-tsang's miraculous 'Stone Stupa'"; but he cannot risk more.

And so the story unfolds itself; a record of rotting bones coffined in the eternal beauties of the valleys and the hills and the mountain heights.

About them were certain "finds"; some significant, some curious. In a small wooded dale opposite Najigram village, there was an elaboratery structed barrage work. Sir was obviously intended to secure a permanent supply of water for what, judging from the extensive ruins of monastic quarters, must have been a very large community. The spring which once may have fed it led far up on the hill-side. At the same time I found evidence that the reservoir had also been planned for the supply of systematic irrigation to the terraced fields below. It is the first example so far known to me on the Frontier of an ancient engineering work designed for this double purpose."

In remains on the Birkot hill were signs of ancient means of defence. Of these, it is written:

"We came there upon numbers of round water-worn stones of different sizes, undoubtedly brought from the river-bed, such as would be used for slings or heavier missiles. In one heap, which a little experimental digging revealed at a small ruined tower, discovered no fewer than thirty-eight rounds of this antique ammunition." In which connection, it may be recalled that Alexander's successes were due in large measure to his war engines-movable towers powerful ballistai, katapeltai, and so forth; his artillery, in fact—which could throw stones and darts a distance of some three hundred yards, and thus supplement the efforts of the slingers and the bowmen, who could send their missiles a little further, but with less devastating effect.

Near Ghalagai, the accuracy of Sir Aurel's "patron saint" was again demonstrated. "He tells us in the 'Memoirs' of his travels of a huge rock, shaped like an elephant, close by on the bank of the river. Tradition saw in it the body of the white elephant that had brought the precious relics for the king; falling dead at this spot it had been miraculously turned into stone. It was easy to recognise this rock at a point less than half a mile beyond the

In the neighbourhood of Manglawar, an artificial conical hillock "evidently represents all that survives of that great Stupa which Hsuan-tsang describes in a corresponding position as marking the sacred spot where the Buddha in a previous birth had cut off

some of his limbs as a gift of charity."

Above Tirat, Sir Aurel inspected an inscribed stone of which cognisance had come to him, eight and twenty years before, in the shape of an ink impression showing "two big foot-prints marked with the Buddha's emblem, the wheel of universal sovereignty, and below them a line of bold Kharoshthi characters." He notes of it: "There on a terraced characters." He notes of it: "There on a terraced field . . . I was duly shown the inscription, engraved on the smooth surface of a big fragment of rock. Turned sideways and half-hidden in the ground, it now serves as part of a stone fence by the side of a narrow lane. The two footprints, though only engraved to a slight depth, might well seem impressive, being fully nineteen inches in length. But how the size varied with the religious merit of the measurer,' as Hsuan-tsang's 'Memoirs' tell us, it would be difficult now to guess. The shape of the stone left no doubt that it was placed originally with its flat surface upwards. It had evidently been thrown out when the shrine which held it was destroyed.

Such things, however, rank second. Aurel emphasises, his chief object was to tread the tracks of Alexander—The Great Sultan Sikandar. Imagine, then, his satisfaction when he was able to Imagine, then, his satisfaction when he was able to identify ruins on the Bir-kot hill as that Bazira which the Conqueror "masked" with troops under Koinos while he himself marched on Ora; and to locate Ora itself, almost with certainty, as Ude-gram.

And think, also, of his elation when he could convince himself that he had discovered the famous partial featness of Acress in the ridge of Pireses.

natural fastness of Aornos in the ridge of Pir-sar, and thus disprove the belief, long held by "the best opinion," that it is represented by Mount Mahaban. "The growing conviction that Aornos was found at last kept my spirits buoyant in spite of benumbed hands and weary feet. Alexander, so Arrian and Curtius tell us, offered sacrifices to the gods when he had gained possession of the 'Rock.' I had no victory to give thanks for. Yet I, too, felt tempted to offer a libation to Pallas Athene for the fulfilment of a scholar's hope, long cherished and long delayed."

The "clues" the explorer exploited, the deductions he made, his postulations and his proofs, his location of the Mound constructed for the assault, are all in his book, and there the readers of this article must look for them: it would be unfair to give them here. To spur them, if they lag, I quote Arrian on Aornos: "This is a mighty mass of rock in that part of the country, and a report is current concerning it that even Herakles, the son of Zeus, had found it to be impregnable. Now whether the Theban, or the Tyrian, or the Egyptian Herakles penetrated so far as to the Indians I can neither positively affirm nor deny, but I incline to think that he did not penetrate so far; for we know how common it is for men when speaking of things that are difficult to magnify that difficulty by declaring that it would baffle even Herakles himself. And in the case of this rock my own conviction is that Herakles was mentioned to make the story of its capture all the more wonderful. The rock is said to have had a circuit of about 200 stadia, and at its lowest elevation a height of 11 stadia. It was ascended by a single path cut by the hand of man, yet difficult. On the summit of the rock there was, it is also said, plenty of pure water which gushed out from a copious spring. There was timber besides, and as much good arable land as required for its cultivation the labour of a thousand men. Alexander

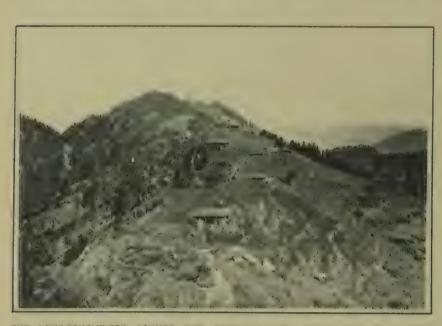


NOW PART OF A FENCE IN A NARROW LANE! A STONE WITH "THE MIRACULOUS FOOTPRINTS OF THE BUDDHA" AND A LINE OF KHAROSHTHI CHARACTERS; FOUND ABOVE TIRAT.

Reproduced from "On Alexander's Track to the Indus," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

on learning these particulars was seized with an ardent desire to capture this mountain also, the story current about Herakles not being the least of the incentives.'

Thanks be that the political barometer was set "Fair" and that there is power in the Pax Britannica!



THE LONG-SOUGHT-FOR AORNOS, THE GREAT NATURAL ROCK FASTNESS TAKEN BY ALEXANDER: PIR-SAR RIDGE THE NORTHERN END, WITH BAR-SAR AND LANDE-SAR ABOVE, AND THE SWAT-INDUS WATERSHED RANGE IN THE DISTANCE. Reproduced from "On Alexander's Track to the Indus," by Courtesy of the Publishers,
Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

as yet unsurveyed ruins. Nor was it only the wish to find myself again on the tracks of those old Buddhist pilgrims who travelled from China to the sacred sites of Swat, and whose footsteps I have had the good fortune to follow in the course of my expeditions through the desert wastes of Innermost Asia and across the high ranges of the Pamirs and Hindukush. May the sacred spirit of old Hsuan-tsang, the most famous of those pilgrims, and my adopted 'Chinese patron saint,' forgive the confession: what attracted me to Swat far more than such pious memories was the wish to trace the scenes of that arduous campaign of Alexander which brought the great conqueror from the foot of the snowy Hindukush to the Indus, on his way to the triumphant invasion of the Panjab.

It was well. Had Sir Aurel been in search of revelatory and artistic treasure-trove, he would have suffered disappointment-indeed, it may be imagined that he did so suffer, for you cannot divorce the archæologist from the topographer.

Obviously, there were encountered, for instance many of the stupas built to enshrine and shield relics of the Enlightened One, structures that might have been expected to yield "museum specimens." Alas! There was not one that had not lost most of its glories. The gluttonous tools of iconoclasts avid of gain had eaten towards gems and precious metals. Quarriers had sacrificed sanctity to make the mundane. Pious Mohammedans had hurled defacing stones, earning merit for themselves! And Father Time had

swept his swathing scythe.

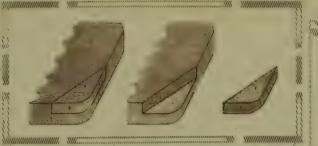
Vandalism and decay were everywhere—and in the passage of Gumbat, once devoted to the circumambulation of worshipped images, dwelt the reeking buffaloes of the Gujar family who had usurped the cella that had held the colossal figure of a standing

At Nal were grievous signs of "'irresponsible' digging for remains of that Hellenistic sculptural art which once adorned all Buddhist sanctuaries of this region." Not very far from Bir-Kot were "the ruins of a large sanctuary with chapels and monastic quarters, known as Kanjar-kote, the 'dancer's mansion,' stretching on different levels for some hundred

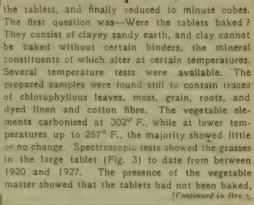
"On Alexander's Track to the Indus." Personal Narrative of Explorations on the North-West Frontier of India Carried Out, Under the Orders of H.M. Indian Government, by Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E., Indian Archaeological Survey. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co.; 21s. net.)

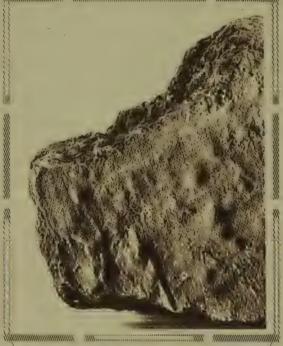
# THE GLOZEL DISPUTE REVIVED; AND A CHARGE OF FRAUD:

OBJECTS SEIZED ON THE SITE AND SUBJECTED TO ANALYSIS.



I. A DIAGRAM OF A PRISM SAMPLE TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE INSCRIBED TABLETS FROM GLOZEL FOR SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS.





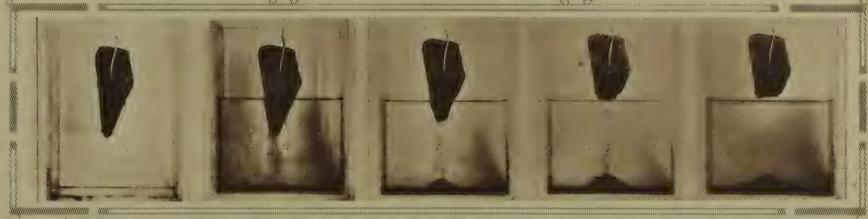
2. ALLEGED TO SHOW TRACES OF A CLOTH HAVING BEEN APPLIED TO IT: A FRAGMENT FROM THE GLOZEL SITE TAKEN FOR EXAMINATION.



3. AN INSCRIBED GLOZEL TABLET SAID TO CONTAIN GRASSES PROVED BY SPECTROSCOPIC TESTS TO DATE FROM BETWEEN 1920 AND 1927.



. A MICROPHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF A SMALL LUFT OF MOSS DISCOVERED (ENLARGED BY 25 DIAMETERS).



5. ADVANCED AS EVIDENCE THAT THE TABLET OF WHICH THIS FRAGMENT FORMED PART WAS OF UNBAKED CLAY: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT INTERVALS OF TWENTY SECONDS, SHOWING ITS RAPID DISINTEGRATION WHEN PARTIALLY IMMERSED IN WATER—A RESULT WHICH, IT IS URGED, WOULD NOT HAVE OCCURRED IF THE CLAY HAD BEEN BAKED.

The great French archieological controversy over the Glozel discoveries (whose previous stages we have illustrated from time to time since the first announcement in 1926) lately broke out afresh on the publication of the first official report to the Court at Moulins by the experts appointed to examine objects seized at Glozel after legal proceedings had been taken by the Prehistoric Society of France. The first report concerns the inscribed stones and bricks alleged to bear a prehistoric script, which, if genuine, would represent earliest known alphabet. second report, on the pottery, images, bone objects, and so on, was promised. Despite adverse findings of the experts, certain well-known champions of Glozel maintain their beliefs. It was stated on June 5 that, as a result of the Prehistoric Society's denunciation, the proprietor of the Glozel site, M. Emile Fradin,

had been charged with fraud and brought before a magistrate. The report on the inscribed bricks, or tablets, was made by M. Bayle, head of the Service de l'Identité Judiciaire, assisted by a micrologist and a geologist. "Their report (according to a French account) presents the results of intricate physical, histological, and mineralogical tests. Prism-shaped samples were taken from [Continued in Box 2.



6. WITH A LABEL INSCRIBED "OBJECTS SEIZED IN THE GLOZEL MUSEUM": THE COVER OF A SEALED AND CORDED PACKAGE CONTAINING MATERIAL FOR EXPERI EXAMINATION.

and this was confirmed by the polariscope. It was possible to say that 302°F had never been reached, and the rapid crumbling away in water also showed the unbaked nature of the tablets. Some of the finds, which were undoubtedly baked, resist the action of water. The following conclusions were arrived at: 1. The presence of the fresh chlorophyllous vegetable matter shows that the plants have been kept less than five years. perfectly preserved linen and cotton shreds were dyed with modern colouring agents. The quartz in the tablets never reached a temperature of 1132°F., nor the argillaceous matter 932°F.; the tablets were never baked. tablets disintegrate immediately in water; they have not been in the ground a long time. In the medium tablet a hole has been made in order to insert a fern stalk, which was smaller than the hole, and kept in place

by clay. Dry plastic earth was seized at the Fradins' place which was of the same origin as material of the large and small tablets; the medium tablet was of slightly different material, but came from the same ground. The sediment (still moist) in a saucepan seized, is different in composition, and the coating on the large and medium tablet is identical with this sediment."

#### THE FAIRY CASTLE OF THE FAIRY PRINCESS: A "WINDSOR" IN SAND.



WHERE THE KING USED TO SIT (ON THE LEFT-HAND SEAT IN THE BACKGROUND) DURING HIS CONVALESCENCE, WATCHING HIS LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTER
AT WORK: THE GROUNDS OF CRAIGWEIL HOUSE, WITH THE SAND-CASTLE BUILT BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



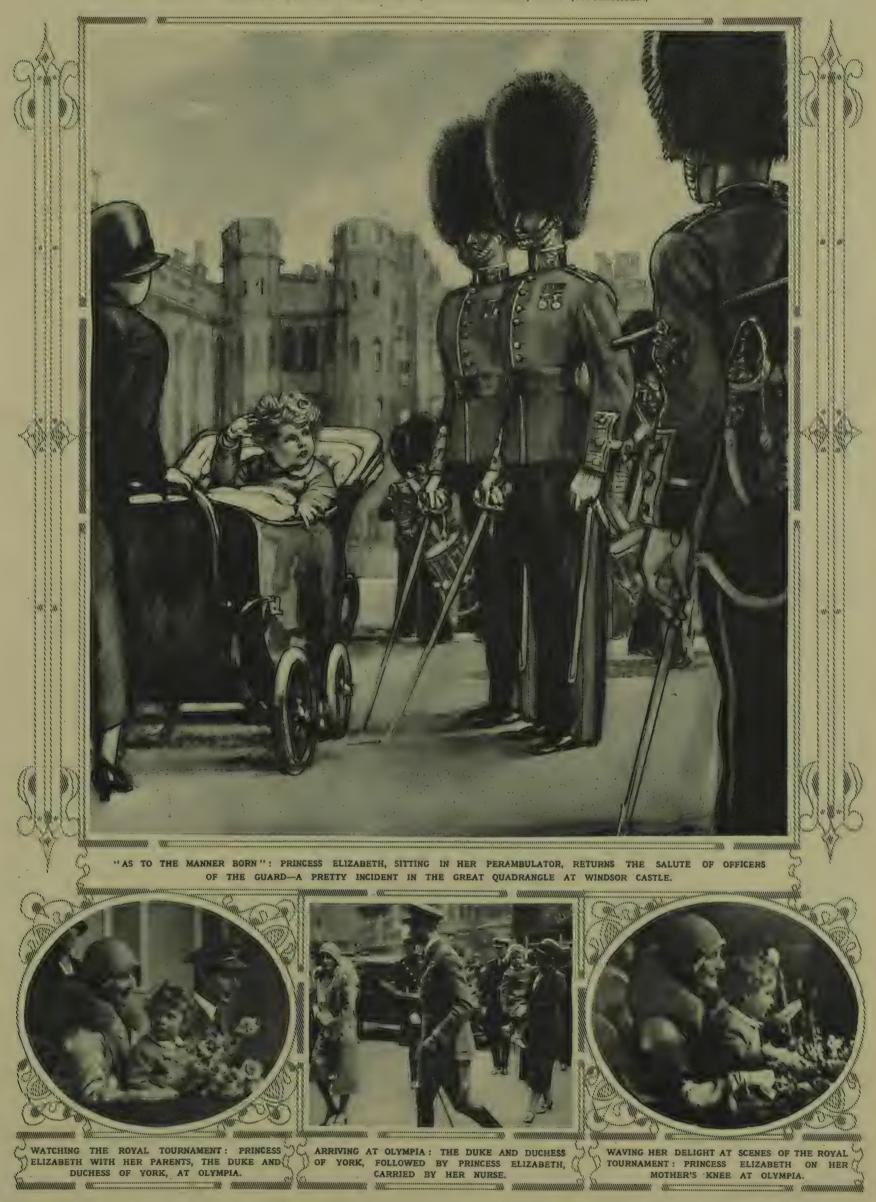
NOW A GREAT ATTRACTION TO VISITORS AND TO EAST END CHILDREN CAMPING IN THE GROUNDS OF CRAIGWEIL HOUSE AS GUESTS OF SIR ARTHUR DU CROS:
PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SAND-CASTLE, SHOWING THE MOAT, FLAGSTAFFS, AND DECORATION WITH PEBBLES AND SEAWEED.

While the King was recuperating at Craigweil House, Aldwick, near Bognor, his little grand-daughter, Princess Elizabeth of York, spent a good deal of time there, and his Majesty used to sit on a garden seat in the grounds, watching her busily engaged in building a sand-castle, sometimes with the aid of the Queen. One of her castles, shown in the above photograph, has since been railed in, and has become quite a show-place for visitors, who are now admitted to the house and grounds, in parties of thirty, on payment of a shilling each, the sums thus raised being devoted to local charities. A guide takes each party through the various rooms used as the royal apartments, and the chairs that

had been occupied by their Majesties come in for particular attention. Princess Elizabeth's sand-castle is a great attraction also to the children from the East End of London who, since the end of May, have been camping, in fortnightly parties, in the grounds of Craigweil House, as guests of its owner, Sir Arthur du Cros. When contesting Bow and Bromley in 1906, Sir Arthur came to know how many boys and girls there are in East London who have never seen the sea or roamed in woods and fields. So every summer, for several years, he has invited several hundred children, under fourteen, to spend a holiday in camp at Craigweil. They come by motor-coach, in parties of twenty-five.

#### THE FAIRY PRINCESS AT THE SALUTE; AND VISITING OLYMPIA.

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST; STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



Princess Elizabeth (now three years old), daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York and grand-daughter of the King and Queen, has early acquired the technique of saluting. Our drawing illustrates a charming incident that occurred recently at Windsor Castle. Princess Elizabeth, seated in her perambulator, had been watching the ceremony of changing the Guard in the Grand Quadrangle. Before they marched off, the officer of the new guard and the officer of the

guard just relieved went up together to the little Princess and saluted her with their swords. She promptly acknowledged the salute in the orthodox manner. On the opposite page we illustrate her sand-castle at Craigweil House. On June 6 she was taken by her parents to the Royal Tournament at Olympia. Sitting on her mother's knee, she laughed and waved her hands at the soldiers and sailors in the arena, and, when her father saluted, she saluted too.



#### The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



#### SIL VARA, THE AUTHOR OF "CAPRICE."-A FRATERNAL BIOGRAPHER

SIL Vara, the author of "Caprice," now being played at the St. James's Theatre by the New York Theatre Guild actors, is a very old friend of mine, and his rise to fame is almost romantic. There came to me, some thirty years ago, a very serious, reserved young man whose micn, like an Emperor on a Roman coin, was as arresting as his almost phlegmatic attitude towards life. He had to earn his living, but in him glowed the ambition of the dramatist. He had been a bank clerk, but figures wearied him, so, faule de mieux, he accepted a post

in the administration of a restaurant, and in his spare hours he forged the plots of plays and scribbled and scribbled, always hoping to find an outlet, if not for his plays, for his articles. The drudgery of the daily routine made him familiar with London life, and, when he had learned a great deal of our people and institutions, he, seeing no immediate future, went back to his native Vienna, hoping that with his acquired knowledge of England's land and people he would force the doors of journalism. He wrote sketches entitled "London Walks," and, ere long, they were accepted by the Neue Freie Presse, the leading Viennese journal, and were eagerly appreciated by its numerous readers. His editor soon discovered that the young man was the right person to represent his paper in London; and so the ex-

bank clerk and wine-cellar checker came back as the London Editor of the Neue Freie Presse—a wonderful and powerful position for a young man in his twenties, and one that would open all doors to him. By his presence, by his tact, and ease in making himself at home in all phases of society, he soon became in London not only a persona grata, but one whose opinion mattered, who knew how to handle politics, art, and the daily current of life with great facility. His feuilletons, still called "London Walks," continued in incessant flow—through him the Austrians learned more about London than they ever knew before; his studies of British statesmen, with nearly all of whom he came into personal contact, were considered human documents, full of understanding and penetration. When he gathered them in a volume there were pæans of praise in the Press of England and all the German-

speaking countries.

But, from Sil Vara's point of view, this journalistic success was of minor importance. He wanted to be a playwright; and plays he wrote galore between his labours in Parliament and the mael-strom of "daily news" in the metropolis. In 1914 he nearly reached his goal. He was within an ace of having a play accepted by a London manager, when the war broke out. Sil Vara lost his job and his hope. He had to go back to Vienna, to begin, as it were, all over again. Then came difficult times. Military service, and, after that, wanderings to earn the wherewithal with his pen for all Manfully he weathered this adversity; he still wrote plays. Some were produced in Germany, but material success was still a long time coming. Then his comedy, "The Woman of Forty," which Sybil Thorndike would have acted in London but for the war-made him famous; it was played all over Germany; it opened the gates of the famous Burg Theater for him. where a comedy of his, in the manner of Shaw, was much applauded. But the economic conditions after the war in the German lands rendered the rewards of play-writing a poor harvest. Sil Vara, for all his kudos, had still to do all manner of Press-work to make the two ends meet, and he would smile now if I were to disclose what this gifted man had to turn his hand to in order to make the milliards of kronen that ensured a bare living.

It was left to America to bring him such good fortune as means independence. He sent his play, "Caprice" to New York—it was accepted by the

Guild; it was the outstanding success of last season; it played to record figures; anon companies will play it from the Hudson to California. As I write, the author is on his way to Hollywood, a captive of the "talkies," a guest of one of the leading film potentates. Whether he will yield to these latter blandishments is another story, for the characteristic of Sil Vara's work is its style, its subtlety, and its avoidance of all that is banal. "Caprice" captivated the New York public by that particular esprit innate in the Viennese: it would be a thousand

IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "MARIETTE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: MLLE, YVONNE PRINTEMPS.

IN SECOND EMPIRE COSTUME, IN THE OPERETTA BY SACHA GUITRY AND OSCAR STRAUS.

pities if it were spoilt by the as yet mechanical methods of the "talkies." But the kinema, at any rate, will be the richer by the capture of this versatile playwright,



A REMARKABLE IMPERSONATION OF NAPOLEON III.
BY A FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR, AS NOW TO BE SEEN
IN LONDON: M. SACHA GUITRY AS THE EMPEROR,
A CHARACTER IN HIS OWN OPERETTA, "MARIETTE,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

AT HIS. MAJESTY'S.

The Guitry season opened at His Majesty's Theatre, on June 3, with Mr. C. B. Cochran's presentation of M. Sacha Guitry and his wife (Mlle. Yvonne Printemps) in "Mariette"; or "How History is Written"—a delightful operetta with music by Oscar Straus and libretto by M. Guitry himself. It is a satirical story of the Second Empire, and M. Guitry appears as Napoleon III., in a remarkably good "make-up," while Mlle. Printemps looks charming in the dress of the period. Both act as brilliantly as ever. A new biography of Napoleon III., by Mr. Edmund B. D'Apvergne, is noticed on our "Books of the Day" page in this number.

whose quiver is such a horn of plenty. Sil Varalike the croupier at Monte Carlo, may well say: "J'en donne." For twenty-five years he has written plays—from melodrama to farce; and ere long he may be as renowned on the screen as he is already in all our World of the Theatre.

Mr. Russell Thorndike is a man of many parts and great imagination. As an actor he has peculiar and distinct personality; as a producer he has a fine sense of the pictorial and enigmatic; as a playwright—so far—his ideals and ideas soar above his technical

equipment (and sometimes above the heads of his audience); but he is original, and he may yet succeed in amalgamating art with craft. Now, suddenly, he reveals another side of his versatile activities. He has written a biography of his sister, "Sybil Thorndike," and, at a rapid first glance, it is a book of much interest and a quaint turn of projection. In one sense it is unique. is no fraternal flattery and flummery in it; at times it would seem as if he impetuously catechised his famous sister in private for her faults. We learn a great deal about the stormy little petrel she was as a child, with acting in her blood, for all her clerical descent and "perfect education." We perfect education.' hear of her rebuffs at the beginning of her career. How

even Ben Greet, that great discoverer of new talent, rightly and knightly honoured by the King, forecast a career in comedy and character, but none in tragedy. How Bernard Shaw heard her read "Candida" with a view to an understudy, and sent her hence with the paternal comment "to go home and have five or six children." How she, after meeting her artistic Lewis Casson in a romantic way, proceeded to astonish and bewitch the selfsame "G.B.S.," then England's greatest dramatist, as the Maid St. Joan. How dear Charles Hayden Coffin, the ever-green of to-day, then at the summit of his musical-comedy career, soothed her nervousness by telling her to play only to "a dear old man in the front row who loves music and little girls," and thereby made a "man" of her. How, at length, she made her mark at the Old Vic. and boldly plunged into the classics from Euripides to Shakespeare, to become the one and only true tragédienne of this country.

He tells us of her feverish activity; of her many-sidedness; of her innate simplicity; but we might have cared to hear more of her unequalled kindness to beginners; of the worship she enjoys from all who work with her; and, last but not least, of her colossal memory. As I write, she plays not only Jane Clegg and Medea, after six weeks of "Major Barbara" and four of "Mariners," but she appears at a Sunday performance in a leading part just to pass away the time.

Another sidelight of which the world remembers little is the criticism she underwent after she became prominent; that the opinions were for a long time divided into two camps; that she read pro and con with equal avidity, and, as she said once, "learned more from strictures than from praise," and that she remained ever conscious of her shortcomings and, unlike many of her lesser sisters in art, has never suffered from the complaint which a wag once described as "dilatation of the hat."

Mr. Thorndike's book is brightened with many anecdotes—most of them worth reading—and illuminated by extracts from Sybil's public utterances (for she is an M.A., as we all know) which betoken her deep love of her art, her constant studies in all its aspects, from literature to the decorative side, and her almost encyclopædic knowledge. And yet she is not satisfied, never at rest; it is "books and information" all the time with her. But, for all that, she finds time to be a delightful wife, mother, and friend, this great artist, Sybil Thorndike, whom her brother has now portrayed for all time.

# PICTURES OF GREAT PRICE: MASTERPIECES AT THE SPIRIDON SALE IN BERLIN.



1. THE FIRST OF A SET OF THREE BOTTICELLIS (SOLD FOR \$75,000) ILLUSTRATING BOCCACCIO'S TALE OF "NASTAGIO DEGLI ONESTI": NASTAGIO MEETS A HORSEMAN PURSUING A GIRL WITH HIS DOGS.

DETAIL OF
BOTTICELLI'S
PICTURE
SHOWN IN
NO. 1.
NASTAGIO, SAD
FROM
UNREQUITED
LOVE,
WANDERS IN
A PINE FOREST
NEAR BAVENNA.





3. THE SECOND SCENE OF BOTTICELLI'S NASTAGIO "TRILOGY" (SOLD FOR (75,000): THE HORSEMAN TEARS OUT THE GIRL'S HEART FOR HIS DOGS TO DEVOUR—(IN BACKGROUND) THE PREVIOUS PURSUIT.



4. THE THIRD OF BOTTICELLI'S THREE PICTURES (SOLD FOR \$75,000) ON BOCCACCIO'S TALE: THE HORSEMAN AND HIS VICTIM FRIGHTEN THE GUESTS AT NASTAGIO'S BANQUET TO HIS LADY-LOVE.



5. ONE OF A PAIR OF PICTURES BY FRANCESCO COSSA (1435-1477), SOLD FOR (50,500: "St. Lucia" with the Martyr's Palm and a Stem with Her Eyes as Leaves.



11.11

Sold for £50,500: "St. Liberalis," in the Dress of A Y Young Noble, with His Sword.



7. A PICTURE BY BERNARDINI LUINI (1475--1531-2), SOLI-FOR £13,000: "Şt. AGATHA," HOLDING A DISH CONTAINING HER SEVERED BREASTS, THE SIGNS OF HER MARTYRDOM.

Paintings by Italian Old Masters realised high prices in the sale of M. Joseph Spiridon's collection, held by Messrs. Cassirer and Helbing in Berlin on May 31. The series of three pictures by Botticelli illustrating Boccaccio's tale of Nastagio degli Onesti were bought by Messrs. J. and S. Goldschmidt for 1,500,000 marks (£75,000). A pair of paintings by Francesco Cossa—"St. Lucia" and "St. Liberalis"—went to Messrs. Duveen for 1,010,000 marks (£50,500). The "St. Agatha," by Bernardini Luini, brought 260,000 marks (£13,000), the sum paid for it by Messrs. Jacques Seligmann. Three other pictures in the Spiridon sale were reproduced in our issue of June 1. One was a "Portrait of a Young Girl" by Domenico Ghirlandaio, which was bought by Messrs. Goldschmidt for

750,000 marks (£37,500). Another was Andrea del Verrocchio's "Madonna and Child with Angel," bought by Baron Nemes, of Munich, for 240,000 marks (£12,000). Our third reproduction in that issue was entitled (on information supplied with the photograph) as a "Madonna and Child with Angel," by Piero del Pollajuolo. This description, we regret to find, is not in accordance with the sale catalogue, which we have received since. The catalogue gives this picture as by "a disciple of Piero della Francesca," with a note stating: "This Madonna has been attributed to Piero Pollajuolo, but is undoubtedly by the hand of a follower of Piero della Francesca. The artist should be looked for in the circle of Francesco Cossa, or Ercole Roberti at Ferrara." The picture fetched £26,000.



THE British Academy Archæological Expedition had already been at work in Constantinople for one season, which had been devoted to an examination of the ancient Hippodrome, built as a place for games and public assemblies by Septimius Severus and repaired and enlarged by generations of successive Byzantine emperors. Last season, that of 1928, was devoted to an area adjoining the Hippodrome, which had been occupied by an important building, or rather by two important buildings, one



A BOWL OF "KUTHAIAH" WARE: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TURKISH SPECIMEN FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS.

of which was known as the "Baths of Zeuxippus." It appeared that the buildings had served two or three purposes at the same time, for there was undoubtedly a bath there, and, according to a historian, something in the nature of a school had been situated there. More important for us, however, was the fact that the building had been decorated with some of the finest statues of Greece and Rome, which had been collected there by Constantine, the founder of the city as the capital of the East Christian Empire in the fourth century. The collection had been added to by some of his successors, so that by the fifth century the building was a veritable museum.

Such were the prospects that faced us when the expedition, generously supported by Sir Joseph Duveen, assembled in Constantinople at the end of March. Mr. Casson, who had directed the work in 1927, was unable to leave Oxford, owing to pressing duties in the University. The expedition was therefore under my direction, as I had served as second in command the year before. Mr. Hudson, another old hand, was again able to be present; and the other two vacancies in the staff were held by Mr. Grey, now an assistant in the British Museum, and by Mr. Beazley, who came as artist to the expedition. His task consisted in drawing the objects

that were found, and he was soon provided with plenty of work, for Byzantine pottery began to appear after only a few days' work. The study of this interesting material has only recently been opened up, so every fragment was of importance. Our artist drew some hundreds of them during the five months through which we excavated.

During the course of this period two complete buildings were cleared, photographed, and examined. A description of them is a technical matter, which finds its best place in a detailed publication of the archæological facts. Here it will suffice to say that one of the buildings proved to be the "Baths" and the other "Gymnasium of Zeuxippus." were both fairly well preserved, but the latter had suffered least at the hands of destroyers, either warlike or peaceful.

Ancient buildings of large size and importance are the first to suffer during wars, and Constantinople has undergone two severe sieges since the constructions which we were investigating fell out of use—one by the Crusaders in 1204, and the other by the Turks in 1453. But as ruthless as war in respect to buildings are the operations of workmen during the passage of centuries, men employed by building contractors, who pull down the old structures either to clear the way for new ones or to provide material.

The walls of the "Gymnasium" stood in places to a height of 21 feet above the floor, so it had not fared too badly. But 22 feet of earth and rubbish had to be dug through before we could reach this floor, so our task was no light one. The work was, however, continuously interesting, for after the first five feet every shovelful had to be carefully examined. The early Turkish levels were here reached, soon to be followed by the late Byzantine; and in each of these levels pottery of the very finest

was produced daily. Sometimes even more precious objects appeared; as, for instance, a small bronze reliquary cross and an ivory plaque with a curious bird carved upon it. But more important still was a small plaque of gold, bearing the image of Saint Prokopios on one side, executed in the finest cloisonné enamel. This treasure dated from the tenth century, and, though small, it takes its place among the body of these rare and precious Byzantine enamels, which show the art at its finest. It reached in the eleventh or twelfth century a height which earlier or later works, of the East or of the West, have never attained.

Among larger objects a fine fragment of the head of a colossal statue— Greek work of the fifth century B.C.—

appeared, but other statues were rare. They had been destroyed by the various conquerors; if of stone, being broken up for lime, or, if of bronze, melted down for armaments. Three huge circular pedestals, however, were found, which attested the fact that statues of importance had once adorned the site. These had supported life-size figures of Hecuba, Ulysses, and another. The inscriptions upon them were of the first importance, for they enabled us to identify the building in which the bases were found. The statues and their bases were described by a Byzantine writer, who saw them somewhere about 500 A.D. The building in which they stood was called by him the Gymnasium of Zeuxippus. It was destroyed in 532 by a great fire, but was soon afterwards rebuilt, and our excavations disclosed traces of the great fire and of the rebuilding that succeeded it. Thus our work was rewarded, for we were informed for certain of the exact nature of the constructions we were examining.

In addition to the two buildings near the Hippodrome, we were able to examine a further area, near the mosque of Sultan Bayazid, some three-quarters of a mile distant. Our work lay in an old Turkish han, a kind of inn, built in a square round a courtyard. Once it was the centre of a busy throng of

travellers and merchants, who congregated there from all quarters of the globe; but for some fifteen years it had been deserted, so we were free to excavate as far as the standing buildings would permit. Some two years ago the fall of a tree in the court-yard had disclosed some huge blocks of stone, and we therefore decided to excavate in order to examine these more closely.

The results of our work were of the greatest interest, for we unearthed two of the *podia* of a great triumphal arch, with the fragments of the arch, its ornamentation, and that of the columns that had supported it, strewn around. History again came to our aid, telling us that an arch had been built in this region by Theodosius the Great in the fourth century, and that it had been laid low by an earth-quake somewhere about 750.

After that the whole structure had been entirely forgotten, and none of the numerous travellers who visited Constantinople in the Middle Ages noticed any traces of it. Thus we discovered a building which had passed completely into oblivion, and



A RARE AND PRECIOUS EXAMPLE OF BYZANTINE ENAMEL: A TENTH-CENTURY GOLD PLAQUE, BEARING AN IMAGE OF ST. PROKOPIOS IN CLOISONNÉ WORK, DISCOVERED IN THE GYMNASIUM OF ZEUXIPPUS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The enamel is in blue-green, red, and pale pink flesh colour, set upon gold. Prokopios was very popular in Byzantine Constantinople, at least two churches there being dedicated to him.

whose stones, some of them very elaborately carved and decorated, had lain hid for some twelve hundred years. The fragments of architecture which lay strewn about were of additional

interest, for they belonged to a building half-way between the Roman and the Byzantine, a period of architecture about which very little is known.

The podia of the arch have now been cleared as far as standing buildings permit, and the fragments of the super-structure have been arranged and grouped together. It now remains for the Turkish Government to decide which is the more important—the ruins of the arch, which represent a period of architecture almost unknown to students, or the picturesque old han, a delightful relic of mediæval Turkey, but no more. The decision does not lie with us in this case, although we were lucky enough to disclose the existence of this long-forgotten but once-important monument.

Such are some of the treasures, large or small, that are to be found beneath the ground of Constantinople, which once ranked in importance with Athens and Rome. Until 1922 practically no archæological excavations had been made in the city, and none on any large scale began before 1927. But now, under an enlightened Turkish Government, permits can be obtained, and it is to be hoped that many more explorers will turn their attention to this great city, which was the capital of the Roman Empire in the East for over a thousand years.



WHERE THE FALL OF A TREE HAD DISCLOSED HUGE BLOCKS OF STONE, LEADING TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE FORGOTTEN ARCH OF THEODOSIUS: THE EARLIEST STAGE OF THE EXCAVATIONS IN THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD AND DESERTED TURKISH HAN (INN).

Two fragments of the great columns can be seen in this photograph. Above, the han, which was originally founded as a mint by Sultan Mehmed in the fifteenth century, stands as a monument of the old Turkey that is fast disappearing. Formerly a centre of trade and commerce, the inn is now deserted and half in ruins.

#### BRITISH DISCOVERIES IN THE STORIED SOIL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS BY MR. D. TALBOT RICE, FIELD DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



1. FORGOTTEN SINCE IT WAS BURIED BY AN EARTHQUAKE IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY: RUINS OF THE GREAT ARCH OF THEODOSIUS DISCOVERED AND EXCAVATED BY BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT A DESERTED TURKISH INN.



2. IN THE GYMNASIUM OF ZEUXIPPUS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, EXCAVATED BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION: THE GREAT SEMI-CIRCULAR APSE WITH A RAISED STONE STRUCTURE FOR ITS OCCUPANT



3. CARVED WITH A DESIGN SUGGESTIVE OF TENNIS RACKETS: PART OF ONE OF THE COLUMNS OF THE ARCH OF THEODOSIUS.



4. SHOWING (IN CENTRE) THE OUTER WALL OF THE APSE AND A METHOD OF RAISING EARTH EXCAVATIONS IN THE GYMNASIUM.



5. INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "EKABH" (HECUBA), HERE SEEN INVERTED: THE BASE OF A STATUE OF PRIAM'S WIFE.



6. THE HEAD OF A NICHE, OR FOUNTAIN, DATING FROM THE FOURTH
CENTURY A.D.: A FINE FRAGMENT OF DECORATIVE MASONRY DISCOVERED
IN THE BATHS OF ZEUXIPPUS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



7. LUXURIANT BYZANTINE CARVING THAT RECALLS THE MODERN "TEMPLE OF THE HOLY FAMILY" AT BARCELONA: ONE OF THE CAPITALS THAT TOPPED GREAT MONOLITHIC COLUMNS EXCAVATED AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

In his notes on these photographs, which illustrate his article opposite, Mr. Talbot Rice says: "(1) Within a Turkish han (inn) of the fifteenth century, near the Mosque of Bayazid, are the remains of the great triumphal arch of Theodosius the Great. The ruins of the arch had lain hidden since a great earthquake in the eighth century, until the beginning of the 1928 excavations. (2) The structure of large stones within it, apparently of later date, was intended to raise the occupant of the apse above a crowd in the courtyard before it. The court, marble-paved, and now at a depth of 20 ft. below the surface, extends for some 30 yards to the east. (3) The Forum of Theodosius. The wall to the left was

built at the close of the excavations to hold up the loose earth at the side of the trench. The wall at the back is a Byzantine structure, but later in date. Beside the pillar are other fragments of the arch. (4) The soil goes through the hands of so many workmen that there is little chance of losing even very small objects. (5) A statue base, inscribed, 'Ekabh,' or 'Hecuba.' Three of these bases were found in or near the Gymnasium. They supported statues mentioned by a Byzantine poet. (6) This fragment was discovered in the filling of Building I. (the Baths). (7) These capitals, which topped great monolithic columns, are about 1.25 metres in diameter at the base and 1.40 metres in height."



#### A GAP FILLED IN THE PEDIGREE OF MAN?

A SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AMERICA: A NEW AND STRANGELY HUMAN SPECIES OF THE ANTHROPOID APES (HITHERTO UNKNOWN IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE),

By FRANCIS de LOYS, B.Sc., D.Sc. F.G.S.

A NTHROPOID apes have been known since the days of earliest discovery in Asia and Africa, where

they are represented by the genera orang, gibbon, chimpanzee, and gorilla. Their existence and their great similarity, anatomically and physiologically, to man, had always been

one of the main factors in support of the Evolution Theory. The lack of them in the ancient and recent fauna of the American continents, and the fact that the races populating these continents are probably of allogenous stock, lent a substantial argument in refutation of the same theory.

Indeed, had it not been for the fact that the continuity of succession essential for the acceptance of evolution was broken over such a major area of our globe, the tenets of the lutionist's creed would have had to be accepted indubitably. The fact remained that, however plausible the deductions of the evolutionist, and however well founded they were on facts observed in the old continents, man, the last link in the sequence, was found on the American continents --- where processes required for his appearance through evolution had stopped

short at the lower stages of the simian group.
In the stage of knowledge then prevailing,
the sequence of evolution was set forth as
follows

The gap, then, between the simians and man was absolute.

A discovery which was made some time ago by myself and was recently communicated by Mr. Bouvier to the Académie des Sciences of Paris (séance of March 11—"Un Singe Anthropoïde actuel en Amérique," by Dr. G. Montandon), makes possible the partial filling of this gap, and brings considerable support to the Ologenic Theory recently set forth by Dr. Montandon, of the French Anthropologic Institute ("L'Ologénèse Humaine"; Paris, Alcan, Editeur). I was exploring at the time the untrodden forests in the neighbourhood of the Tarra River, itself an affluent of the Rio Catatumbo, in the Motilones districts of Venezuela and Colombia, and I came across two animals the nature of which was new not only to myself, but also to the native woodsmen of my party.

to the native woodsmen of my party.

At a bend of a western—minor—affluent of the Tarra River, these two animals broke out upon the exploring party, then at rest, and, owing to the violence of their attitude, had to be received at the point of the rifle. One of the two was shot dead at very close range; the other one, unfortunately wounded, managed to escape, and disappeared in the jungle, the great thickness of which prevented its recovery. The animal shot dead was examined, sat into position on a packing-case, measured, and

immediately photographed from a distance of ten feet. Its skin was afterwards removed, and its skull and jaws were cleaned and preserved. The hardships met with by the party on their long journey across the forest, however, prevented the final preservation of either the skin or the bones.

At first examination, it was found that the specimen was that of an ape of uncommon size,

whose features were entirely different from those of the species already known as inhabiting the country.

From the sole of the feet to the apex of the skull it measured 157 centimetres in height, whereas the weight (guessed, it is true, without scales) was probably well over eight stone. The

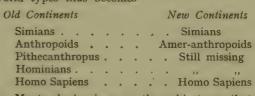
probably well over eight stome. The body was entirely covered with a thick coat of coarse, long, greyish - brown hair, and entirely devoid of any trace of a tail. The ape was an adult female. The jaw, carefully examined, revealed the presence of thirty-two teeth only, without, on the back portion of the mandible, any protuberances hinting at the possibility of a greater number of embryonic molar-teeth.

These remarkable features—size, absence of tail, number of teeth, and ground habits, together with the strongly humanoid aspect of the face and the ruggedness of the build, reveal the fact that there does, indeed, exist an ape different in most respects from the monkeys of the New World with which it could be compared. The brachyteles and the ateles, in fact, are characterised by having thirty-six teeth, long, prehen-sile caudal append-

ages, and long slender limbs adapted to their arboreal habits.

A comparison with the anthropoids of the Old World, on the contrary, is easier, the body resembling, on a much larger scale, that of the gibbon, whilst the limbs, with their reduced thumb, resemble most those of the orang. The discovery of this new species of giant ape with an anthropoid, though platyrhinian, aspect, does not entail the rejection of the prevailing division of simians into catarhinian and platyrhinian sub-orders. It has been found advisable, on the contrary, to introduce a new family amongst the platyrhinians, that of the Amer-anthropoid, consisting, for the time being, of this one genus only, the Amer-anthropoides Loysi (Montandon).

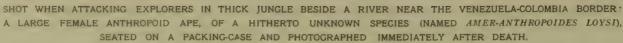
The correlation with the sequence of Old World types thus becomes—



Dr. Montandon's views on the subject are that we are dealing, in this instance, with a case of parallelism. This discovery shows that America has developed its anthropoids, just as Asia and Africa developed theirs, thus contradicting the accepted theory whereby Central Asia was the cradle of humanity, owing to the peripheric distribution of anthropoid apes — chimpanzee and gorilla on the Guinea Coast, gibbon and orang in the East Indies and Malaya.

My discovery of an anthropoid ape that is properly American thus brings considerable support to the Ologenic theory, whereby anthropoids as well as hominians, and, indeed, man himself, originated independently on the whole of the earth.







AN ANCESTRESS OF MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, HITHERTO BELIEVED TO BE DEVOID OF ANTHROPOID APES? THE HEAD OF THE CREATURE KILLED WHEN IT AND A COMPANION ATTACKED AN EXPLORING PARTY—A POST-MORTEM PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE STRANGELY HUMAN FIGURE, EYES

AND EXPRESSION.

#### Spoils of Summer: "Infinite Riches" in a Little Vase.



#### A FAMOUS DUTCH FLOWER-PAINTER'S WORK ONCE SOLD FOR £3800: A PICTURE BY J. VAN HUYSUM— A BOUQUET OF MIXED BLOSSOMS IN A VASE ON A GARDEN LEDGE (SIGNED ON THE LEDGE.)

This beautiful example of the art of that celebrated flower-painter, Jan van Huysum, realised no less than £3800 when it was sold at Sotheby's two years ago. It is painted on a panel, and measures 33 inches by 25 inches. The picture, which was acquired by Mr. John Magee, was formerly in the Duc de Praslin's collection (1793), and later it passed successively to those of M. Tolozan (1801), Fonthill (1823), and the collection at Hamilton Palace. Jan van Huysum, who is represented by two flower-pieces in the National Gallery, was born at Amsterdam in 1682,

and died there in 1749. He received his early training from his father, Justus van Huysum (1659-1716). In Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," we read: "His taste in the arrangement of his groups is superior to that or any other flower-painter; and his pictures are so perfectly finished that they seem to rival the velvet softness of nature. The fame of van Huysum rose to the highest pitch, and the first florists or Holland were ambitious or supplying him with their choicest flowers for the subjects of his pictures."

### A "Natural" Garden in Its Summer Pride: Massed Flower Effects.

By Courtesy of the Earl of Darnley.



MIRRORED IN THE LAKE, AND SHOWING THE SIMPLIFYING. EFFECT OF OPEN GRASS, WITH LARGE NATURAL MASSES OF FLOWERS: WESTLANDS FARM, BURSTOW, A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE BELONGING TO THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

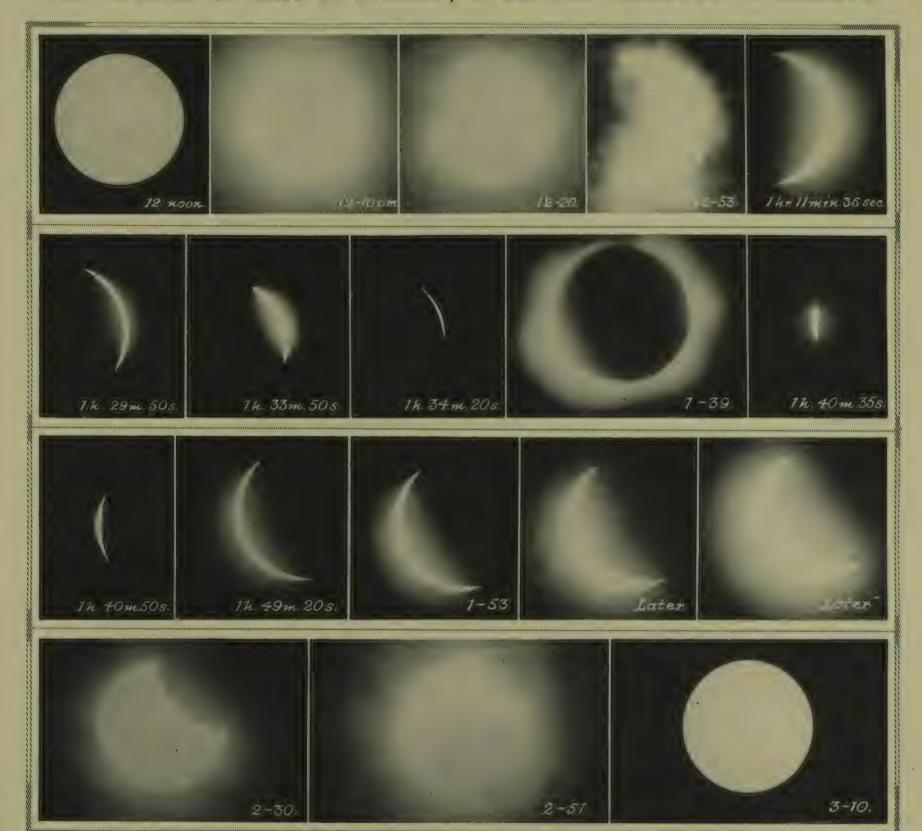


FLOWERS PLANTED IN MASS FORMATION AS IN THEIR NATURAL GROWTH: THE STRIKING BEAUTY OF LARGE BEDS OF LUPINS, TO BE SUCCEEDED IN TURN BY DELPHINIUM, ANCHUSA, AND HERBACEOUS PHLOX, IN THE GROUNDS OF WESTLANDS FARM.

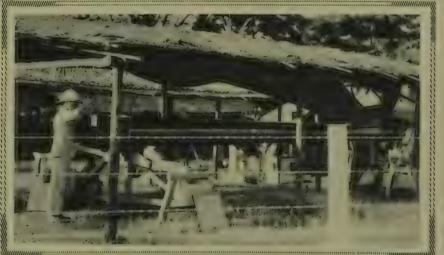
With the summer at its prime, there is a seasonable interest in these beautiful photographs illustrating Lord Darnley's very effective scheme of gardening on broad and natural lines at Westlands Farm, Burstow. The upper photograph shows, first, the value of the house being surrounded by grass only, free from worrying flower beds—which simplifies and enhances the beauty of the building; secondly, the value of reflection in water; and

thirdly, the natural grouping of large masses of flowers in natural shapes with the appearance of natural growth, far enough from the house to prevent interference with its lines, and yet composing well into the landscape. The flowers in this case, lupins show their great variety of colour. The lower photograph gives another view of the house from the opposite angle, showing still more clearly the striking effects of natural mass planting.

### THE ECLIPSE OF MAY 9: PHASES; A BRITISH OBSERVER IN MALAYA.



PHASES OF THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON MAY 9, AS SEEN FROM ALOR STAR, MALAYA: A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE TIMES INDICATED (EXCEPT IN TWO ON THE RIGHT IN THE THIRD ROW), SHOWING THE PASSAGE OF THE MOON ACROSS THE SUN'S DISC BETWEEN 12 O'CLOCK NOON (WHEN THE SUN WAS NORMAL) AND 3.10 P.M.



PHOTOGRAPHING STARS VISIBLE DURING THE ECLIPSE, SO AS TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE EINSTEIN THEORY: DR. JACKSON, OF GREENWICH OBSERVATORY, OPERATING THE GREAT CAMERA.



HOW THE ECLIPSED SUN APPEARED ON THE SCREEN OF THE 45-FOOT TELESCOPE CAMERA: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS AT ALOR STAR.

These photographs, sent by a correspondent in Singapore, illustrate the total eclipse of the sun on May 9, as observed from Alor Star, Kedah, Malaya, which was in the path of totality. The eclipse was not visible in Europe, but many scientific expeditions went out to the East. Of the two British parties, one was at Alor Star, and the other in the Philippines. The latter had perfect weather conditions. Writing from Alor Star, on May 9, Dr. F. W. Aston said: "Observa-

tion was badly obscured by cloud. . . The operations were carried out in due order, the loud voice of the marker counting the seconds being easily heard above the murmur of the crowd and the periodic snaps of camera shutters. Clouds obscured about nine-tenths of the light, so that the Corona was only a quarter to a half the diameter of the sun. One or two fine prominences were visible in brilliant hydrogen crimson, and the planet Jupiter and some bright stars."

### VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION: THE MOST VIOLENT OUTBREAK SINCE 1906.



JUST BEFORE THE APPROACHING STREAM OF LAVA (IN THE BACKGROUND)
REACHED THE WALLS: A DOOMED HOUSE IN THE HAMLET OF BARRE,
NEAR TERZIGNO.



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH HAD BEEN TAKEN: THE SAME HOUSE TOPPLING INTO RUIN UNDER THE ENORMOUS PRESSURE OF THE LAVA STREAM.



HOUSES BEING OVERWHELMED BY BURNING LAVA ROLLING SLOWLY BUT RELENTLESSLY ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE:
A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESTRUCTION NEAR TERZIGNO.



THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS DURING THE RECENT ERUPTION:
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE INCANDESCENT STONES WERE
THROWN UP TO A HEIGHT OF OVER 1100 FT.

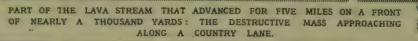
Vesuvius broke into eruption on June 3, and lava rolled down the mountain a specific wards the hamlet of Barre, within a mile of Terzigno, a town of 4000 inhabitants. They passed the night either in the plazzas or the churches, and processions were formed, carrying a statue of the Virgin and a large painting of the Sacred Heart. The next evening, after a lull, the volcano became still more active. Terzigno was almost encircled by the lava stream, which came within 300 or 400 yards, and all the inhabitants left, with the help of soldiers and military lorries. Professor Malladra, the great authority on Vesuvius, described the outbreak as one of the periodic recrudescences of activity, [Continued opposite.]

INVOKING DIVINE PROTECTION: A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN TERZIGNO, WHOSE ESCAPE, THOUGH ALMOST ENCIRCLED BY LAVA, WAS REGARDED AS PROVIDENTIAL.

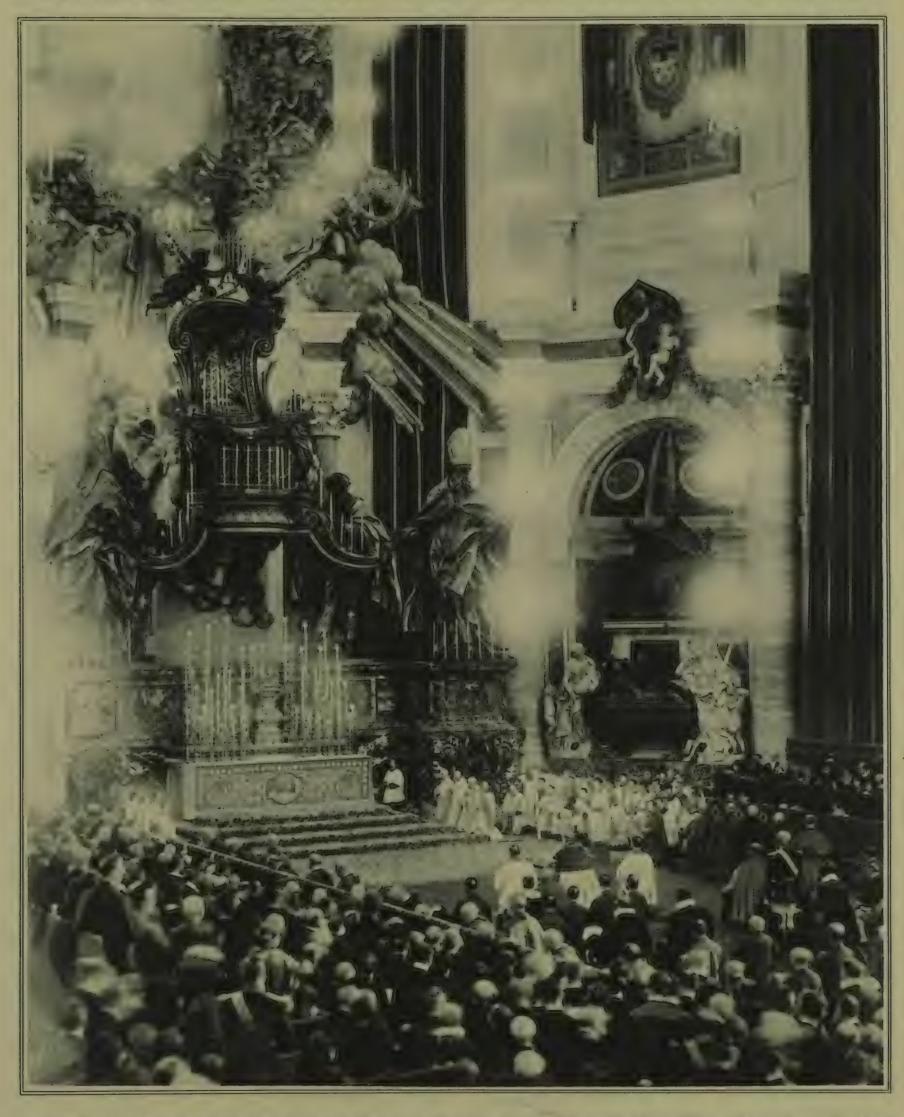
rather stronger than usual. It was in fact the most violent since that of 1906, but it did comparatively little damage, and there was no loss of life, owing to precautions taken by the authorities. The total damage reported was the destruction of several hamlets and 110 acres of woodlands, vineyards, orchards, and vegetable gardens. The lava flowed for five miles across the countryside over a front of 900 yards, but largely in the course of previous eruptions. Seen at night from Naples and the coast, the volcano presented a magnificent spectacle. On June 7 it was stated that the eruption was in its final phase, and the people of Terzigno had returned to their homes.



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT STREAM OF LAVA FLOWING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES AND OBLITERATING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.



### SAINTHOOD ONLY 41 YEARS AFTER DEATH: DON BOSCO BEATIFIED.



AFTER THE BEATIFICATION OF SAN GIOVANNI BOSCO, "THE ITALIAN SAINT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY": THE POPE (KNEELING BETWEEN TWO ACOLYTES) AT THE VENERATION OF THE NEW SAINT IN ST. PETER'S.

Don Bosco, whose Beatification took place in St. Peter's, at Rome, on the morning of June 2, has arrived at Sainthood (like the "Little Flower" of Lisieux) within an unusually short period after his death, which occurred in 1888. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Rites and the Cardinal Archpriest of the Basilica. In the afternoon the Pope attended the solemn veneration of the new saint. His Holiness was borne into St. Peter's, on the sedia gestatoria, and, escorted by the Noble Guard and attended by his

Court, passed to the altar, before which he knelt while the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Afterwards the Pope was presented with an image of St. Giovanni Bosco, worked in silk, several relics, and a copy of his life. Don Bosco was born in 1815, son of a poor peasant, and after many vicissitudes was ordained priest in 1841. He founded the Society of St. Francis de Sales, which under his inspiration established hundreds of Salesian schools and missions throughout the world. On June 9 his body was translated to a church in Turin which he dedicated exactly 60 years before.



### A historic Crain: Che "Cornish Riviera" Express,

WHICH THIS SUMMER CELEBRATES ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.



WHILE it may be a truism to remark that the prosperity of any locality is made or marred by the transport facilities it enjoys, it is certainly safe to aver that the popularity of the West of England as a health resort and a holiday resort has been influenced in no small measure by

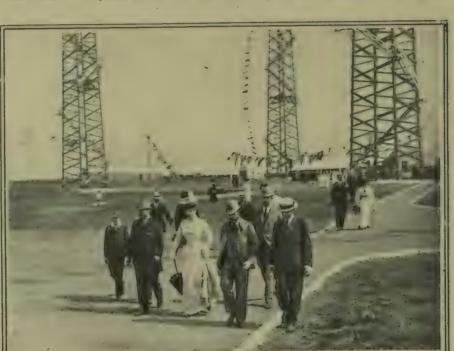
influenced in no small measure by the Great Western Railway Company's "Cornish Riviera" Express, which has given Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall a train service from and to London (with connections to many provincial centres) which is without parallel the world over.

The idea of this famous train had its inception in July, 1903, when an epoch-making run was made to the West with a special train conveying their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen). The train ran "non-stop" from Paddington to Plymouth, and the distance (then 246 miles) was covered in under four hours, and at an average speed of 63.4 miles an hour. The journey as far as Exeter was actually made at an average speed of 67.3 miles an hour!

Such speeds impressed those in authority on the Great Western Railway, and in the summer time-table of 1904, for the first time in history, a train was booked to leave Paddington every week-day and run "nonstop" to Plymouth. This train left Paddington at 10.10 a.m., and was booked to arrive at Plymouth at 2.35 p.m., Penzance being reached in exactly seven hours from London. There was also a corresponding "up" train, timed to leave Penzance at 10 a.m. and reach Paddington by 5 p.m. It is on record that a trial trip was run on June 30 for the dual purpose

of testing the arrangements and of working coaches to Penzance for the first "up" journey.

That was the beginning of the "Cornish Riviera" Express, which, for two years, ran in the summer



AN INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL TOUR THAT LED TO THE INCEPTION OF THE "CORNISH RIVIERA" EXPRESS: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES (NOW THE KING AND QUEEN) VISITING THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY STATION AT POLDHU, WITH SIGNOR MARCONI, IN JULY, 1903.

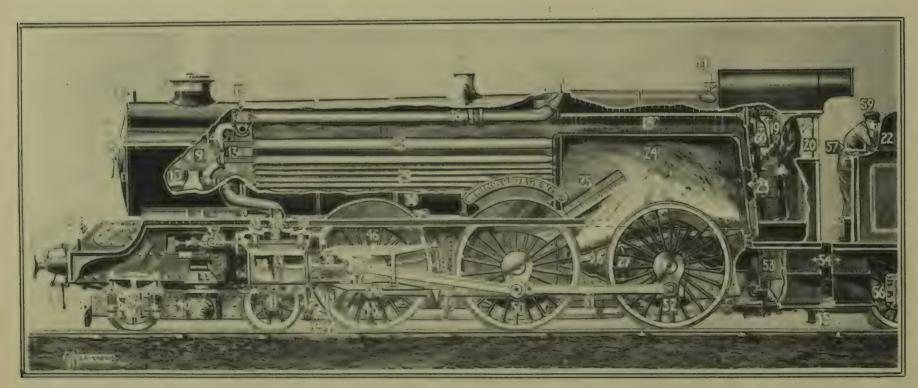
As is noted in the article, the idea of the famous "Cornish Riviera" express had its inception in July, 1903, when an epoch-making run was made to the West of England with a special train conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen) for a visit to the Duchy of Cornwall. This train ran non-stop from Paddington to Plymouth at an average speed of 63.4 miles an hour; and the direct result was the running of a "non-stop" every week-day in the summer of 1904 from Paddington to Plymouth and thence to Penzance. This left Paddington at 10.10 a.m. and reached Penzance seven hours later.

months only. In 1906 the distance from London to Plymouth was shortened by nineteen miles, and, when the more direct route via Castle Cary was opened, the departure time from London was altered to 10.30 a.m.; and so popular had the train become that it was decided to run it throughout the year.

It is doubtful if any train has achieved such world fame as this "flyer," now familiarly known as "The 10.30 Limited." For some years the booked time for the journey from Paddington to Plymouth (226 miles) was four hours and seven minutes; but the advent of the G.W.R. "King" class of locomotives—the most powerful passengertrain engines in the country—enabled the time to be reduced to exactly four hours, with a heavier train, giving an average speed of 56½ miles an hour, which is considerably faster than any other regular "non-stop" train run of over 200 miles in the world.

During the quarter-century the load of the train has steadily advanced, and from six eight-wheeled coaches in 1904 it has grown to eleven coaches; whilst, on occasion, it has left Paddington with as many as fifteen coaches, or a weight of approximately 500 tons, behind the tender.

From the very earliest days the Great Western Railway has been noted for its wonderful train speeds, and the fact that it has been christened "The Holiday Line" by the many thousands who annually "Go Great Western" for the summer vacation is tribute to its speedy train services, demanding the minimum encroachment upon the precious holiday period, as well as to the unrivalled selection of holiday resorts in the territory it serves.



A KEY TO THE COLOUR ILLUSTRATION ON PAGES 1048 AND 1049: A DRAWING (BROKEN DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO SHOW THE INTERIOR) INDICATING DETAILS
OF, THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S FOUR-CYLINDER LOCOMOTIVE. "KING GEORGE V."

The above drawing is a key to the locomotive of the "Cornish Riviera" express illustrated in colour on our double-page. Part of the outer casing of the boiler, fire-box, and cab, it will be seen, is broken diagrammatically to show the interior. The figures indicate: 1. Buffer; 2. Vacuum train pipe coupling; 3. Bell presented to the engine by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, U.S.A.; 4. Screw coupling; 5. Smoke-box door locking handles; 6. Handrail; 7. Lamp bracket; 8. Funnel; 9. Smoke-box; 10. Steam pipe to two inside cylinders; 11. Steam pipe to outside cylinder; 12. Steam regulator valve; 13. Main header of super-heater; 14. Steam pipe to main header; 15. Safety valve; 16. Main steam pipe; 17. Steam collecting mouth; 18. Regulator rod; 19. Regulator lever; 20. Cab; 21. Whistle; 22. Tender; 23. Fire door;

24. Fire box; 25. Firebrick arch; 26. Furnace bars; 27. Ashpan; 28. Super-heater flue pipes; 29. Flue pipes; 30. Poiler casing; 31. Steam chest; 32. Back steam port; 33. Front steam port; 34. Outside cylinder; 35. Fiston; 36. Fiston rod; 37. Valve gear for outside cylinders; 38. Life guard; 39. Front bogic wheel and springs; 40. Bogic; 41. Rear bogic wheel; 42. Erake block; 43. Brake rod; 44. Sand pipe; 45. Leading coupled wheel; 46. Slide bars; 47. Crosshead; 48. Connecting rod; 49. Coupling rod leading; 50. Driving wheel; 51. Coupling rod trailing; 52. Trailing coupled wheel; 53. Exhaust steam injector for boiler feed; 54. Steps to cab; 55. Live steam injector, steam water connection; 56. Leading wheel of tender; 57. Hand brake; 58. Driver; 59. Fireman or stoker; 60. Cab window.

### By a Master of the Reynolds and Hoppner Period.





### "The Writing Lesson."—By William Owen, R.A. (1769=1825).

An interesting note on this picture comes from the pen of Mr. W. Roberts, the well-known authority on Hoppner. "Although," he writes, "William Owen was chiefly known in his day as a painter of portraits—he exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1792 to 1824—he painted many fancy subjects, some of which had an extensive popularity as engravings, particularly those of child life in its many aspects, and in which he excelled. He selected one of these as his Diploma picture on election to the Royal Academy, and it is still in the Diploma Gallery. This charming picture of a child, engaged in what is evidently a writing lesson, seems to me a very characteristic example of an artist whose merits have not yet been sufficiently recognised. The picture was painted probably towards the end of the eighteenth or early in the nine-teenth century. There is no clue as to the identity of the pretty little model who sat for the picture." William Owen, it may be added, was born at Ludlow and educated at the Grammar School there. About 1786 he went to London, and attracted the interest of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Recently, good examples of his work have been fetching over four figures.



3-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-JUNE 15, 1929 - JUNE 15, 1929 -

#### Taking Summer Holiday-Makers to the Wonders of the West: The "Cornish Riviera" Express.

PAINTED SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS " BY G. H. DAVIS, FROM KATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY. (COPVEIGHTED.)



A HISTORIC TRAIN LONG NOTED FOR A WORLD'S "RECORD" DISTANCE DAILY NON-STOP RUN; THE "CORNISH RIVIERA" EXPRESS, DRAWN BY THE FAMOUS LOCOMOTIVE, "KING GEORGE V."

ASCENDING ONE OF MANY STEEP GRADIENTS IN THE SOUTH DEVON SECTION OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

The famous "Cornish Riviera" Express for over twenty years held the world's record for the longest daily all-the-year-round non-stop run. This train was the pride equally of British railwaymen and regular railway travellers, and was a favourite topic of conversation wherever railmen forgathered, or whenever railway speeds and performances in general were discussed. The train is almost as well known by its second title, "The 1-3.9 Limited"—a fact that is a sure sign of affectionate appreciation and is so popular with passengers to the Golden West that on all occasions when the normal flow of passenger traific is increased, it has to be duplicated, traificated, and at some exceptional times even quadrupled. The problem of extending to the West of England in general the benefits of the unexampled service afforded by the "Cornish Riviera" Express was colved by the free use of "dijp" carriages. By this means passengers for the Weymouth line

are accommodated in coaches which leave the running train near Westbury; passengers for the Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, and Minchead lines are dropped near Taunton, and passengers for Exeter, Tosquay, and intermediate stations to Plymouth and Dartmouth are "slipped" at Exeter. These facilities add immensely to the reputation of this famous train. Our picture shows it ascending one of the numerous steep gradients which make the South Devon section of the Great Western main line to the West one of the most difficult to be negotiated in the United Kingdom. The express is drawn by "King George V.," the locomotive which make history in the United States, and it speaks volumes for the efficiency of the "King" class that they are able to complete the journey from London to Plymouth, a distance of 250 miles, in the remarkable time of 247 minutes.—[Sex Annates 2006 Not Decourte of Asomus 2006.]



### "SPORT" AND A SIGHT: 'PLANE v. BIRD;



SPORT" NOT FAVOURED HERE: SHOOTING BIRDS FROM AN AEROPLANE—AIRMAN AND "BAG." BUSTARD IN FLIGHT PURSUED
Two of these three pictures deal with a form of sport not favoured in this country, and never
likely to be—the shooting of birds from aeroplanes. In the instance with which we deal,
hunters ascended in 'planes with the object of "bagging" bustards in the neighbourhood of Madrid.
—The third illustration is concerned with a remarkable incident on the island of Curacao, Dutch
West Indies, on the night of June 8, when exiled opponents of the present regime in Venezuela



### AND THE NEW BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.



SHOOTING BIRDS FROM AN AEROPLANE: A

BUSTARD IN FLIGHT PURSUED

BY A 'PLANE.

Seized the water-front of Willemstad, and then the fort and the town. From the fort, they removed the arms and ammunition, and placed them on the commandeered steamer "Maracaibo." They also kidnapped the Governor, the commander of the garrison, and several men. They then sailed, the present regime in Venezuela

The "Maracaibo" was then allowed to return, with the "hostages."



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BRIGHTON'S "WHITE ELEPHANT": THE NEW AQUARIUM, WHICH PRINCE GEORGE ARRANGED TO OPEN ON JUNE 12.



GUARANTEED BRITISH: SHARKS IN THE 110,000-GALLON



VASTLY IMPROVED: ONE OF THE MAIN CORRIDORS IN THE RECONSTRUCTED BRIGHTON AQUARIUM-A TRANSFORMATION OF THE OLD AQUARIUM DATING FROM 1872.

AQUARIUM—A TRANSFORMATION OF THE OLD AQUARIUM DATING FROM 1872. 
rince George arranged to visit Brighton on Wednesday, June 12, to open the reconstructed quarium, which is a transformation of the famous old Royal Aquarium, which was established 1872 and was then looked upon as the most perfect thing of its kind in the world. "Fifty bars later," notes the "Times," "it had come to be regarded as perhaps the ugliest building in the town and a "white elephant" of a particularly perplexing kind. For several years the problem its sale or reconstruction was a constant subject of discussion. The sale was once authorised by a narrow majority of the Council, but public opinion set so strongly against a proposal to invert the building into an underground garage for motor-coaches that the scheme had to be bandoned. Then, in 1925, the resolution was taken to rebuild the dowdy old place of enterimment and to give it new attractiveness. . . There are two sun terraces. . . The old lock Tower, which was for so many years a landmark on the front, has gone. Its place has seen taken by three imposing bronze gates flanked by kiosks. . . . The old tanks of the



ONE OF THE SCENIC TANKS: PIKE AT HOME BEFORE A PAINTED BACKGROUND IN THE NEW AQUARIUM, WHICH "FEATURES" DECORATIONS THAT INCLUDE FUJI-YAMA.

THE NEW AQUARIUM, WHICH "FEATURES" DECORATIONS THAT INCLUDE FUJI-YAMA. Aquarium have been retained, but have been much improved and given a capital structural setting. An innovation introduced into the scenic decoration of the tanks in which the freshwater specimens are shown, gives the spectator a modest illusion that he is watching the fish in their natural waters. One example is a scene of Fuji-Yama, in Japan. The larger marine animals are accommodated in a tank which contains 110,000 gallons of sea water." Amongst the amenities of the building are an open-air café; a fine concert hall, with a seating capacity of 1230 and a hard-wood floor for dancing; a rifle range; a clubroom; and hot and cold sea or fresh water baths. Mr. David Edwards, the engineer and surveyor of the Brighton Corporation, is responsible for the design. The programme for Wednesday included a short account of the history of the Aquarium, given by the Mayor; and a civic luncheon. Afterwards, Prince George was to visit the Royal Pavilion and see its "sights," and to spend a while at the Sussex County Agricultural Show held at Preston Park.

### PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

WING-COMMANDER D. DUNVILLE.





SIR WILLIAM FAIRBANK.



AIRWOMAN WHO IS REPORTED TO HAVE MADE A NEW ALTITUDE RECORD -FOR A WOMAN OF 24,000 FEET: MISS

THE SWEDISH ATTEMFT TO FLY TO NEW YORK AND BACK: CAPTAIN FLODEN, CAPTAIN AHRENBERG, AND MR. LJUNGLUND, WHO WERE FORCED TO LAND NEAR ICELAND. (LEFT TO RIGHT, IN UNIFORM.)

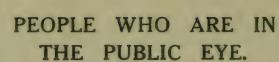
The seaplane "Sverige" left Stockholm on June 9, in an endeavour to "hop." to New York and back, via Greenland. She was piloted by Captain Ahrenberg, who had with him Captain Floden, as assistant pilot, and Mr. Ljunglund, as wireless operator. The object was to blaze a new trade route between Europe and America. A forced landing was made near Iceland on the morning of the 10th. A new start was made.



WELCOMED ON THE EARTH, AFTER THEIR WEEK'S CONTINUOUS

FOR A WOMAN OF 24,000 FEET: MISS FLIGHT, BY THEIR WIVES, WHO HAD FLOWN TWICE A DAY TO GREET MARVEL CROSSEN GREETED BY HER MOTHER. THEM FROM THE AIR: MESSRS. R. L. ROBBINS AND J. KELLY.

Miss Marvel Crossen, an airwoman of Alaska, is reported to have set up the other day a new aeroplane altitude record for a woman—24,000 feet—at Los Angeles. The record size set out to beat stood at 20,270 feet. As previously mentioned in this paper, Messrs. Reginald L. Robbins and James Kelly set up a new record recently by flying continuously for 7 days, wives went up in an age and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gray and the pilots' wives went up in a gra





ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR CECIL
BURNEY, BT.
Died on June 5, in
his seventy-second
year. Was Second

THE EARL SCARBROUGH, K.G., G.B.E., K.C.B. ppointed a night of the ost Noble Order the Garter, in accession to the



LORD ASTOR WINS THE OAKS FOR

L. ROBBINS AND J. KELLY. 5TH TIME: LEADING IN "PENNYCOMEQUICK"

4 hours, 40 minutes, 15 seconds, in their monoplane, "Fort Worth," which was flown for nearly twelve thousand miles during the time in question, and was re-fuelled, while in the air, fifteen times. The "Fort Worth" is a single-engine monoplane. During the flight, the pilots' wives went up in an aeroplane twice a day, to wave their greetings to their husbands.—With the victory of "Pennycomequick," Lord Astor won his fifth Oaks with a home-bred winner, and his fourth at Epsom since the war.



PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN FLIES OVER LONDON IN A "MOTH," PILOTED BY
THE MASTER OF SEMPILL: H.R.H. (CENTRE) AT STAG LANE AERODROME. MI
On Friday of last week, Princess Ingrid of Sweden flew in a coupé "Moth" aeroplane, piloted
by Colonel the Master of Sempill. and saw London from the air, and afterwards flew again
in a Hawk "Moth," piloted by Captain Geoffrey de Havilland. In the photograph (from
left to right) are Captain White, Prince Bertil of Sweden, Princess Ingrid, Baroness Palmstierna,
the wife of the Swedish Minister, and the Master of Sempill. In front, are the Misses Ann



EXCHANGING RATIFICATIONS OF THE LATERAN TREATY, IN THE VATICAN: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND CARDINAL GASPARRI AT THE CEREMONY—IL DUCE READING THE TREATY.

Forbes-Sempill and June Forbes-Sempill.—On the morning of June 7, Signor Mussolini and Cardinal Gasparri exchanged, in the Vatican. Ratifications of the Treaty of the Lateran, and the Concordat signed between the Holy See and the Italian Government. Signor Mussolini (third figure from left, in foreground) is seen reading the Treaty, before affixing his signature. Cardinal Gasparri\_is standing at the end of the table.

EX-KING AMANULLAH'S DEPARTURE FROM AFGHANISTAN, WITH QUEEN SOURYLA: THE MOTOR-COACH IN WHICH THE EX-QUEEN DROVE TO THE RAILWAY-STATION AT CHAMAN—IN THE BACKGROUND, CHAMAN FORT.



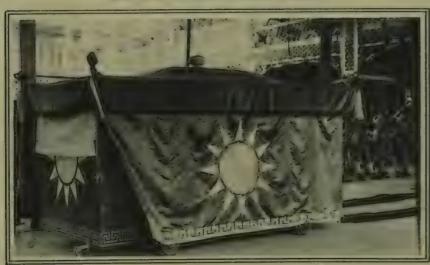
ROYAL EXILES AT CHAMAN RAILWAY-STATION, BALUCHISTAN: EX-KING AMANULLAH AND HIS BROTHER, INYATULLAH (THE LATTER ON THE LEFT: THE FORMER NEXT

TO HIM).

After the fighting on May 22, King Amanullah of Afghanistan departed at once for Chaman, Baluchistan, and he was joined on the way by Queen Souryia. They reached Chaman in 15th hours, unexpectedly; the ex-King in a two-seater motor-car and the ex-Queen and her family in a motor-coach. Since then, the Queen has given birth to another daughter.



THE SECOND FUNERAL OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC: THE CATAFALQUE OF DOCTOR SUN YAT-SEN PASSING BY THE TARTAR WALL, ON THE LINE OF MARCH THROUGH PEKING.



REMOVAL OF THE EMBALMED BODY OF DOCTOR SUN YAT-SEN TO THE MAUSOLEUM ON PURPLE MOUNTAIN: THE BRONZE COFFIN AT PEKING. embalmed body of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, first President of the Chinese Republic, who died in 1925, removed from its temporary resting-place in a monastery outside Peking on May 26, that it has be taken to the Mausoleum built by the Nationalist Government on Purple Mountain, near king. The huge coffin had a hundred and twenty bearers. The catafalque, which was mented with silver cornices, was opened at Chienmen station, Peking, and the great bronze let was conveyed to the special funeral train, to be borne to its destination. On the coffin, as the photograph shows, was the Nationalist flag.

### CONCERNING ROYALTY, AN EX-KING, AND A FIRST PRESIDENT.



HOLLAND CECEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL THERE OF THE PRESENT QUEEN-MOTHER: PRINCESS JULIANA, QUEEN WILHELMINA, QUEEN EMMA, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT (LEFT TO RIGHT) AT THE ROYAL PALACE. Queen Emma, mother of the Queen of Holland, who was born at Arolsen on August 2, 1858, a princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, was married to the late King William III. of the Netherlands, at Arolsen, on January 7, 1879, and last week-end the fiftieth anniversary of her arrival in Amsterdam was celebrated. Queen Wilhelmina was born on August 31, 1880, and succeeded in November, 1890, with her mother as Regent. Queen Wilhelmina married Henry Duke of Mecklembourg, in 1901, and her daughter Princess Juliana, was born in 1909.



THE EUROPEAN TOUR OF KING FUAD OF EGYPT: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING WITH

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG IN BERLIN.

The King of Egypt, who is making another European tour and is to visit this country later, arrived in Berlin on June 10, and was received by President von Hindenburg. His Majesty and the President then drove in State. As the car passed through the gateway of the Prinz Albrecht Palace, now generally used as a residence for monarchs visiting Republican Berlin, the Egyptian Royal Standard was broken from the roof.

### A VILLAGE OF 3000 CAVE - DWELLERS: TUNISIAN TROGLODYTES.



1. WHERE THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE LIVE IN UNDERGROUND CAVE-DWELLINGS: A GENERAL VIEW OF MATMATA, A TROGLODYTE VILLAGE AND CAPITAL OF THE TERRITORY OF THE MATMATA TRIBE, PURE BERBERS INHABITING NUMEROUS VILLAGES IN THE NORTHERN PART OF THE KSOUR RANGE OF MOUNTAINS, IN SOUTHERN TUNISIA.



2. THE ENTRANCE TO A TROGLODYTE'S HOME: AN ARCHED DOORWAY, WITH A MASSIVE WOODEN DOOR, OPENING INTO A PASSAGE LEADING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE EXCAVATION.



3. AT THE OTHER END OF THE PASSAGE SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 2:
AN OPEN, CIRCULAR COURTYARD USED AS A SHELTER FOR ANIMALS, SUCH
AS CAMELS OR GOATS.



A COURTYARD 30 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE, WITH DOORS TO TROGLODYTE DWELLINGS.



5. A TYPICAL YOUNG TROGLODYTE OF SOUTHERN TUNISIA: A MATMATI GIRL IN PICTURESQUE DRESS, WITH EAR-RINGS AND NECKLACE.



6. TROGLODYTE DWELLINGS OF ELABORATE TYPE: AN EXAMPLE OF SOME REINFORCED WITH MASONRY AND PROVIDED WITH STEPS.

These remarkably interesting photographs illustrate the little-known troglodyte dwellings of southern Tunisia, in and around the Berber village of Matmata, which has 3000 inhabitants who occupy these curious underground homes. The photographs were taken during a mission of inquiry in that region by a French traveller, M. Jean Thomas, a correspondent of the Musée National d'Histoire Naturelle, who has also conducted several other Missions, in French Guinea, and among the native fisheries on the Niger, in Northern Africa. In his note on Photograph No. 2, M. Thomas says: "The entrance to the passage may be closed by a massive wooden door. These entrances, however, are often mere openings unprovided with any masonry. In this case the passage, which is several metres

long, widens in its course, and opens into a circular open-air courtyard that affords shelter to animals, such as camels or goats. In another note, relating to Photograph No. 4, M. Thomas writes: "Let us clamber up a slope, until we reach the edge of one of these subterranean habitations, and cast a glance below. At a depth of 7, 8, or 9 metres (about 20 to 30 ft.), we see the courtyard, on to which open the ground-floor apartments. Other rooms usually form an upper storey and serve as granaries. They are reached by means of a rope." Regarding Photograph No. 6, M. Thomas says: "Occasionally, in order to keep the earth in position, the walls of a troglodyte dwelling are strengthened with masonry, and a staircase leads to the upper chambers."



Here—in the world's most fashionable promenade, with its background of gorgeous flowers, beauty lends an enchanting setting. Visions of lovely women greet the eyes, leaving to memory a trail of vague delight.

In the maintenance of beauty, however, lovely women leave nothing to chance; hence "4711" forms the most prominent item in their toiletries

Sold everywhere 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 14/=, 15/=, 30/=, 36/=, and 56/= per bottle.





Particular in her tastes, she always smokes CRAVEN 'A,' cork-tipped, cool, unvarying cigarettes that do not affect her throat.



### THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### Ca Caralas



#### THOUGHTS ON A PLAGUE OF MOLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just come back from a delightful week-end, where I could revel in a garden ablaze with rhododendrons, lupins, and irises, to mention but a few of the glories spread before me. But there is always "a fly in the ointment," and here I found the disturbing factor was a visitation of moles, which, I was 'told, this year amounted to a plague. Such news vexed me, and I did what I could to say a good word for the poor mole. I am willing to admit that it is possible to have too much of a good thing—even of moles—for the heaps of earth which they throw up so assiduously are not ornamental, especially in a well-kept garden; and they are apt to leave besides no uncertain evidence of their presence in dead plants whose roots have been severed along the track of a tunnel driven near the surface.

Nevertheless, we have only the evidence of one side, and that tainted by prejudice. What is wanted is an impartial investigation by some enthusiastic naturalist who will collect his evidence at first hand; that is to say, who will make a careful analysis of all the circumstances attending the raid of some particular mole, or moles, within a given circumscribed area. He must make a minute study, in some garden for choice, of the nature of the damage done, and the circumstances attending it, such as the temperature, nature of the soil, dryness or otherwise, and whether the area affected is one harbouring some particular kinds of insect-larvæ which may be at work at the roots. There must be some reason for these sporadic invasions. It is quite possible that, as a consequence of such an investigation, the mole's "ravages" might come to appear as a beneficent visitation!

one to appear as a beneficent visitation!

My thoughts having turned "mole-wards," I began, very naturally, to consider not merely its food and method of hunting, but the details attendant on the demolition of its prey, and the repercussion of this on the form of its teeth. For it is to be noted

shaped and slender, and ranged in a beautiful semicircle. With the lower incisors they form very efficient nippers. Behind them come a formidable pair of canines. Behind these follow three small

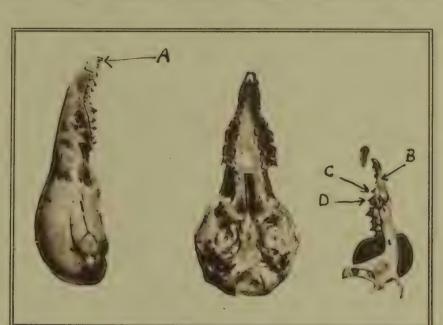


FIG. 1. WITH AN INCISOR OF RELATIVELY HUGE SIZE: THE TEETH OF A SHREW—(FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) SIDE AND UNDERNEATH VIEWS OF UPPER JAW; AND SIDE VIEW OF LOWER JAW.

If the skull of the shrew were as large as that of the tiger, we should marvel at the form of the incisor teeth, which are relatively of enormous size and bear curious lobes. In the lower jaw these teeth, it will be noticed, extend backwards beneath the second and partly under the first of the "cheek-teeth." The letters indicate—(A) incisor; (B) 1st incisor; (C) 2nd incisor; (D) 1st pre-molar.

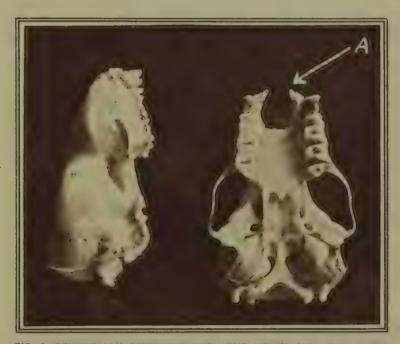


FIG. 2. REMARKABLY DIFFERENT FROM THE MOLE'S JAW: THE TEETH OF THE NOCTULE BAT—UPPER JAW (SIDE AND UNDERNEATH VIEWS). The teeth of the bat are as remarkable as those of the shrew. The incisors (A), it will be noticed, are set on either side of a deep semi-circular notch, an arrangement strikingly different from that which obtains in the mole. The cheek-teeth are also markedly different, having a curiously square biting surface.

that worms form the staple diet, though slugs, insects and their larvæ, and even frogs and dead mice, are also eaten. But the staple diet governs the form of the teeth. Now, though it is true that earth-worms are soft-bodied creatures, it must be borne in mind that the alimentary canal is laden with earth, that is to say, of fine grit—a most unpleasant accompaniment of a meal, one would imagine! But, be this as it may, this grit-laden food has to be taken into account in considering the fashion of

What these teeth are like is shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3), greatly enlarged. And they are to be compared with the adjoining pictures of another of the mole's relatives, the common shrew (Fig. 1) and that exclusive insect-eater, the bat (Fig. 2). In the mole's teeth, it will be noticed, the front, or incisor, teeth in the upper jaw are well formed, chisel-

conical pre-molars and a fourth much larger; and behind these, again, follow three true molars, which, seen from below, display crowns with a peculiar "W"-shaped pattern. In the centre of the W is a large cone, serving to crush what the shearing edges of the W have cut. These molars, it will be noticed, are bristling with cusps. Into the details of the lower teeth I will not enter, but there are some who contend that what appears to be the canine is really an enlarged premolar. One point in favour of this interpretation is the fact that it closes behind instead of in front of the upper canine, as a true canine should do. But the mole itself has probably never given a thought to niceties of interpretation of this kind!

And now let us turn to the teeth of the shrew. Even those who live in the country know little about shrews, though they are, perhaps, the commonest of our mammals. We have three species, of which the lesser-shrew is one of the smallest of living mammals. But, more than this, the shrews differ from all other non-marsupial mammals in having four upper incisor teeth. And they are remarkable also for their shape and arrangement.

and arrangement.

In the mole, it will be noticed, these incisors are small chisel-shaped teeth arranged in a semi-circle in the very front of the jaw. In the shrews, as in the case of the common shrew, shown in Fig. 1, the first incisor is an enormous tooth with two great lobes; behind it come three curiously chisel-shaped teeth, remarkable for the fact that they are seated on each side of the upper jaw, instead of in front, as in the mole (Fig. 3). The pre-molars are reduced to mere vestiges, while the molars recall those of the mole, in having cusps arranged to form a W. The incisor teeth of the shrew's lower jaw have become reduced to two, of which the first is of relatively enormous size. It is extremely long, bears four lobes or cusps, and projects straight forwards from the jaw, while behind it extends, it will be noticed, below the second incisor. The canine is absent, and there is but a single pre-molar.

The recital of the precise number of teeth in each of the different series may seem to be a matter of purely academic interest till we begin to ask why should their many peculiarities of form and size

and arrangement be what they are. These differences are no mere instances of "freakishness" on the part of Nature, but are in some way, which has so far eluded us, intimately associated with the creature's food and method of capture. Why, again, should the shrews, when we come to consider all the known species, be divisible into two groups, one in which, as in our shrews, all the teeth are rust-coloured, while in the others they are white!

Finally, let us take the most exclusive insect-eater of all, the bat—for shrews will eat earth-worms and carrion, as well as insects. The bat I have chosen is the noctule (Fig. 2), our largest British species. All his food has to be captured in mid-air. Herein, it will be noticed, in place of the semi-circular row of incisors seen in the mole, we find a huge notch, bounded on each side by one extremely large and one extremely small incisor, contrasting

and incisor; (D) 1st pre-molar. large and one extremely small incisor, contrasting conspicuously with those of the lower jaw. The canines are large, while the first pre-molar is reduced to a mere vestige wedged in between the canine and the tooth next behind it. The molars have a quite different shape from those of the shrew and the mole, which belong to the "insectivora," as distinct from the "chiroptera" or bats. Their function is to crush hard-shelled beetles and flies.

I would fain press this analysis of the teeth of these creatures further, but enough has been said, I hope, to show how interesting our commonest and most despised mammals become directly we begin to examine them with a little care, and in relation to their mode of life.

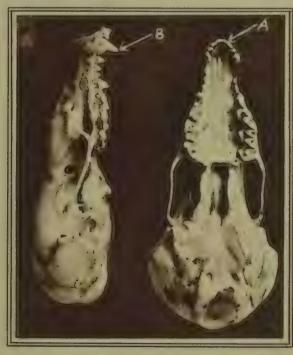


FIG. 3. MODIFIED BY THE NATURE OF ITS STAPLE FOOD—WORMS FULL OF GRIT: THE TEETH OF THE MOLE—(LEFT) SIDE VIEW OF UPPER JAW; (RIGHT) TOP VIEW OF LOWER JAW.

The mole has small chisel-shaped incisor teeth (A) arranged in a semicircle sweeping round to the large cannes (B); while of the cheekteeth the first three pre-molars are small and cone-shaped, the fourth being as large as the true molars. These teeth, when opposed to those of the lower jaw, cut like scissors.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO, the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

TEN years ago, on June 28, 1919, the representatives of the Allied Powers and the German representatives signed in the Palace at Versailles the first and most important of the treaties of peace. With the signature of the Treaty of Versailles on June 28, 1919, the World War ended and the new Europe created by the war came into existence. secondary treaties, which were signed in the following months, had only to clear away the remaining débris of the great conflict.

What has happened to those much-discussed treaties of ten years ago? It is worth while to ask ourselves that question. A treaty's text is apparently immutable, but in reality it is very much alive, and,

like all living things, in a continual state of trans-formation. Perhaps the Sèvres Treaty was predestined by its name to be the most fragile of all the treaties! The Turkish reaction led by Kemal Pasha shattered it to pieces as if it were one of those beautiful vases which are made in the town where it was signed. The other treaties still exist, but they have all undergone an internal transformation which can be defined in one word: mitigation. The territorial clauses have not been touched; but those which set forth the war indemnities, the army of occupation, guarantees, disarmaments, the moral position of the conquered, have been softened either by more conciliatory clauses or by supplementary agreements.

The best known and most important mitigation is called Locarno. The Treaty of Versailles had excluded Germany from the League of Nations, as being unworthy to become a member of it, and had disarmed her under conditions which, logically, would have led to the control of her finances and all her administration. A strict application of the treaty would have subjected Germany to a kind of collective protectorate composed of France, England, Italy, Belgium, and Japan. By the agreements

reached at Locarno, the Allied Powers consented to receive Germany into the League of Nations. Admitted to the League of Nations, with the right of a permanent seat on the Council, Germany resumed her place among the Great Powers of Europe upon equal conditions, with the exception of one point whose rigour was also much reduced—i.e., the matter of armaments. It was a substantial modification, but it was not the only one made at Locarno.

The great lawyers of the eighteenth century advised the Sovereigns to avoid in their peace negotiations everything which was (or might even have the appearof being) an imposition of force, and to limit their demands to what the vanquished, in the position of inferiority in which they were left, might themselves recognise as their duty to accede to. A treaty signed with a knife at your throat, according to those lawyers, was only valid according to the measure of force able to be exercised; once that force weakened, the van-quished felt that they had a right to rebel. In order that the respect for a treaty should become a debt

of honour for the vanquished, it was at least necessary that they should not have been subjected to it by superior force, but that it should have been accepted, as so many sacrifices are accepted in life, because their necessity was realised.

It was subtle advice and difficult of application, but Like the Treaty of Frankfort and many other treaties of the nineteenth century, the Treaty of Versailles paid no regard to it. It had imposed its conditions upon the conquered almost without discussion. At Locarno Germany accepted the most important clauses of the treaty, which up till then she had only submitted to, in exchange for certain concessions which were made her, and thus placed herself in the position, contemplated by the eighteenthcentury lawyers, of the conquered nation which accepts certain sacrifices because it considers that they are just and necessary, in view of the results of the war. That was the modification of the Treaty of Versailles of which the world took least notice. It

make concessions on the reparation clauses. But during those first years they had not taken into account the wise counsels of the eighteenth-century lawyers; everything was discussed between the Allies, to the exclusion of Germany. After the Ruhr crisis the attitude was changed. Germany was bankrupt; it was understood that it had become necessary to help their former foes to reorganise their finances, their commerce, and their industries, if it was wished that they should pay their war debt. The Dawes plan was established, but this time in agreement with Germany, which gave Germany the possibility of paying considerable sums, without, however, affecting the actual amount of the debt. The sum of the indemnity remained theoretically 132 milliards, that which the Allies fixed among themselves without discussing it with Germany.

For two months the Germans and Allies have been discussing in Paris the amount of the indemnity. What is the meaning of those laborious negotiations,

of whose slowness and complication Europe grew rather tired? Like the Locarno agreement, they were a return to the traditions and diplomatic methods of the eighteenth century. The amount of the indemnity will no longer be imposed by one party upon the other; it has been discussed between the parties and the amount agreed has been freely aecepted.

The mitigations for Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria have been even greater. The current runs so strongly that, for the moment at least, all resistance seems destined to fail. But everyone is not satisfied, as may be imagined. In all European countries there are parties who favour the utmost severity, and protest. They see in this softening another effect of the infection of the new humanitarian spirit which they consider the incurable malady of our time. Let us admit for a moment that these judgments on modern humanitarianism are correct: would the partisans of severity be right in denouncing that mitigation as a dangerous weakening of the con-querors' will? Are not political and very complex psychological necessities hidden under that alleged weakening? It seems difficult to deny it when we look at the



THE NEW SETTLEMENT FOR CERMAN REPARATIONS: THE SIGNING OF THE EXPERTS' REPORT IN PARIS --SHOWING MR. OWEN D. YOUNG (CHAIRMAN) SEATED (WITH BOTH HANDS ON THE TABLE) AT THE END, SIR CHARLES ADDIS, A BRITISH DELEGATE (SITTING NEXT BUT TWO TO RIGHT), AND DR. SCHACHT, HEAD OF THE GERMAN DELEGATION, SEATED NEXT TO ANOTHER GERMAN DELEGATE SIGNING THE REPORT (RIGHT FOREGROUND).

Our photograph shows the scene at the Hotel George V. In Paris on June 7, when, after four months' work, the Committee of Experts appointed to devise a final settlement of the Reparations problem signed the agreed Report. The effect is to substitute the Young plan (named after the American chairman) for the Dawes plan hitherto in operation, as from August 31. The main features of the new plan are the fixing of an annuity, to be paid by Germany, of 2050 million marks (£102,500,000), and the establishment of a Bank of International Settlements. Great Britain has renounced some share of the annuity in favour of Belgium and Italy, but has safeguarded the share of the Dominions. The British delegation was headed by Sir Josiah Stamp. At the outset of the ceremony on June 7, a curtain caught fire, apparently through a high-power searchlight being focussed upon it, but the flames were promptly extinguished by two secretaries, and the proceedings were not interrupted.

might become the most important for the pacification of Europe, if events develop in a favourable manner.

That part of the Treaty which regulated reparations underwent the same transformation. The Treaty of Versailles had neither fixed the sum which the Germans were to pay for reparations, nor considered the problem of payment. It limited itself to arranging that the actual sum should be decided later on, that that sum would not be less than 125 milliard gold francs, and that Germany should pay interest on that 125 milliards at five per cent. yearly.

In the month of June 1919 the conquerors still hoped that the definite amount of the indemnity would far exceed the 125 milliards of the Treaty of Versailles. The illusion did not last long. Subsequent agreements caused the annual interest of five per cent. on the 125 milliards to disappear, and fixed the sum to be paid at 132 milliards, without arranging the sum to be paid at 132 minutes, the payment. How it was to be paid was a problem where colution only concerned Germany. Therefore, in the first years of peace, they had already begun to

whole history of the first ten years of peace.

These treaties have been the object of passionate discussions throughout the world. It has been claimed with equal ardour that they represent the august triumph of right, and that they sanctioned the most appalling abuse of force; that they have created a new Europe more free and happy than the old one; that they had reduced half our continent to the state of the Balkans. It will take time before the world's conscience, that of the conquerors, the conquered, and the spectators, will be able to decide with serenity between these claims and apologies. There is, however, one fact which seems plain to me, and that is that the treaties of 1919 are far less the work of reason and much more the work of passion than were the treaties of 1815.

The great lawyers of the eighteenth century had demonstrated that cruel and disloyal methods were dangerous in wars, especially because they exasperated the combatants and increased the difficulties in the

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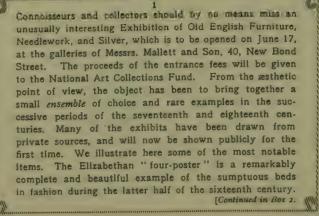
A CHARLES II. NEEDLEWORK PICTURE: LOT WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS IN CHARGE OF TWO ANGELS, AND SODOM BURNING IN THE BACKGROUND—SURROUNDED BY A LACE BORDER (C. 1670).



A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BIBLE CUSHION OF PETIT POINT: THE SCENE (APPRESENTING THE FINDING OF MOSES BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND (APPRESENTING THE FINDING OF MOSES BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND (APPRESENTING THE FINDING OF MOSES BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND (APPRESENTING THE ATTENDANTS, BRILLIANTLY COLOURED, 15 IN. BY 10 IN. (C. 1660).



CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY STUFFED BACK ARMCHAIRS UPHOLSTERED WITH OLD ENGLISH NEEDLEWORK: TWO FROM A SET-OF SIX FORMERLY OWNED BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AT STOWE (C. 1765).





A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT CHAIR UP-HOLSTERED IN NEEDLEWORK IN PERFECT STATE: THE BACK SCENE—FIGURES DANGING (5: 1710).



A CHARLES II. MIRROR IN NEEDLEWORK FRAME:
DESIGNS INCLUDING A MAN AND WOMAN, A
BOAR HUNT, LION, STAG, AND OTHER ANIMALS—
18 IN. BY 15 IN. (c) 1670).



AN ELIZABETHAN OAK FOUR-POST BEDSTEAD, ELABORATELY CARVED (C. 1600); WITH A SET OF THREE NEEDLEWORK TESTER VALANCES ABOVE, DEPICTING "AN ALLEGORY OF LIFE" (C. 1590).

The "Allegory of Life" depicted in the three needlework valances (of which two appear in the photograph) represent the passage of a man from infancy to death, subject to the influence of Religion, Faith, Hope, Piety, and the Saints, personified in feminine figures. In the long side valance visible the figures are (from left to right) the child in charge of two celestial beings emblematic of Piety and Love; the young man giving alms to the poor; and the grown man as a sinner redeemed by the intervention of Hope (in centre, with anchor) and the Saints, with an angel (extreme right) rejoicing.



A ,PANEL OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NEEDLEWORK: THE CENTRE REPRESENTING ESTHER AND AHASUERUS, WITH ATTENDANTS, IN BROCADED ELIZABETHAN COSTUME; THE SIDES SHOWING ANIMALS AND TREES-6 FT. 8 IN. LONG BY 1 FT. 9 IN. WIDE (C. 1580).

### MODES FOR THE FASHIONABLE PLAGES.





Once Midsummer Day is past, Fashion concentrates on holiday modes for the world's playgrounds by the sea. Depicted here are three very necessary items of every well-dressed woman's trousseau—a sports ensemble for travelling and for cloudy days, one of the latest beach coats, and a Casino toilette. The first is trim and distinctive, with a skirt of fawn worsted suiting made with new standing-out pleats, and a little coat of the same material in a striped pattern. The tailored shirt is of crêpe de Chine. (From the Coat and Skirt Salon of Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.) Above is a charming evening frock of printed chiffon in peach and apricot, which has a little coatee to match, with the pattern effectively outlined with glass beads. (At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.) Beach coats for sun-basking are very important, and below is one of the newest ideas, carried out in linen decorated with appliquéd linen flowers and lined with Terry towelling in white and orange. (At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore St., W.)



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### NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH,

THERE are three books this month that express the reactions of young men to abnormal social conditions, war and post-war. Two are translated from the German, and one is from the Russian. All are well worth reading, though whether the reader is likely to be soothed by their outlook on modern life is another matter. "The Devil's Shadow" (Knopf; 7s. 6d.) is by Frank Thiess. He appears to be a disciple of Thomas Mann; certainly his manner resembles Mann's in its intense concentration, although it falls short in the fine shades of irony. "The Devil's Shadow" is a brilliant and a terrible book, a book illuminated by the gift of tormented vision. Caspar, at twenty-four, was engaged in experiencing all that



THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL'S SHADOW": HERR FRANK THIESS.

an impoverished middle-class German could meet of dissipation and disillusion. was not a bad fellow; it is pretty clear that in normal times would have he settled down to a decent citizen. But this was the inflation period, and his world had gone crazy. (It haunts one, Thiess's picture of a debauched society.) Caspar began with a flicker of aspiration. He would

be—without too much effort—an actor, a writer, a respectable man of business. Nevertheless, the rising tide engulfed him, and he degenerated into a rogue. The devil's shadow had obscured the sun—is this the truth about post-war Germany? You cannot, you may say, judge a whole nation from the night-club angle. But the devil's shadow, to use the metaphor of the title, extends a very long way. Ludwig Renn's "War" (Secker; 7s. 6d.) is not a study in individual degeneration; on the contrary, his serious-minded young soldier wins through. It is the German Army

that cracks and crumbles. The book is practically a record of personal experience. It is not written with remarkable distinction, or, if it is, the translation has not succeeded in conveying it to us. It is simple and sincere; the soldier, too, aspired. He had dreams of heroic deeds, which were shattered at the first contact with fear. But the war moulded him into the stuff of which good soldiers are made, though religion and philosophy had failed him, and his nerves were alternately excitated and numbed on the field of battle. "The Embezzlers" (Benn; 7s. 6d.), by



THE AUTHOR OF "THE ATONING YEARS" AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE TORCH": MISS ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS, AND MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS; HER FATHER.

Valentine Kataev, is in a very different vein. Two rattle-pated Government officials in contemporary Moscow abscond with the salaries of their office staff,

as the only way out of their debts and into the gay life of Leningrad. It is a rollicking adventure, with liverish interludes. One's first sensation on reading it is, of course, astonishment. What! So there is

some fun in Russia to-day, after all? But while Kataev laughs, his creatures, Philip Stepanovitch and young Ivan, are the victims of their own impetuosity and M. Kataev's sense of humour, very much as Bernard Shaw's pig was a mirth-provoking object to the crowd in his bolt for They are freedom. left disappearing to serve a five years' sentence, and we are left observing the apparent resilience of the Russian spirit; also, that even a Communistic tyranny



THE AUTHOR OF "BACK-GROUND TO CAROLINE"; MISS HELEN ASHTON,

may have its licensed jester. "The Embezzlers" is a vastly entertaining comedy, but that does not make its analysis of the Soviet citizenship any the less devastating, once you cease to be diverted and look below the surface.

After these books from the Continent, with their studies of national complexities, it is a relief to return to "Background to Caroline" (Benn; 7s. 6d.), by Helen Ashton, which might well be sub-titled "Portrait of an Englishwoman." Caroline cannot be considered complex, and she is English through and through. It is not true to say she is an unusual type. She is not an easy type to present sympathetically and accurately, as Helen Ashton has presented her. We all know her—shy, rather awkward, not conspicuously competent as a housewife—not conspicuously anything, with powers of attraction she does not know how to use, and with a reserved experience behind her innocent eyes. She is aging now, and more than a little rheumatic, she who was born in the Doré and Landseer 'seventies, and bicycled, in excruciating garments, when bicycling in Battersea Park was the rage. She is self-contradictory, which is perhaps the biggest part of her mystery. The key to her is her [Continued overleaf.]





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English individualism (and that, by the way, can include a pliable nature. The Carolines of other lands are moulded to a more rigid social pattern.) Miss Ashton has done even better than "Far Enough" in "Background to Caroline," and that is saying much. Her success accentuates the disappointment one feels in finding Elizabeth Madox Roberts, also one of the newer women writers, offering her public the silly stuff of "Jingling in the Wind" (Cape; 7s. 6d.). That it is a revulsion from "The Time of Man" is understandable; and it is true that to dip into it is to discover some passages of unusual beauty. But to set out, with a set of modern Canterbury pilgrims, on the trail of James Branch Cabell is a perilous business, unless Miss Roberts is satisfied with the uncritical admiration of the public whom May Sinclair once neatly labelled as the dreadful, clever little people. The publisher tells us that Miss Roberts has paused to look at the world in a moment of unusual detachment. The world's look at "Jingling in the Wind" will be equally momentary and detached!

John Paris, who has explored Japan very thoroughly in a recent novel, has now sailed farther eastward, and landed on an imaginary island. There

has now sailed farther eastward, and landed on an imaginary island. There diplomatists perished of dry rot, and once a man settled in Thulia the priestly cabal that held the country in a vice did not allow him to escape. "The Island Beyond Japan" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a nightmare Ruritania of the Far East. Most Ruritanias since Anthony Hope's have been simply boring; but Thulia (probably because Mr. Paris has a mordant art) is fascinating, and the narrative is brimful of excitements. "Flowerdown" (Constable; 7s. 6d.) is mildly set in a typical English country house. Ann Knox has contrasted the aristocratic Flowerdowns with their American successors. The book is a comedy of manners, racily appreciative of national divergences. It grows in brilliance as it proceeds, and it culminates on a note of tragedy. Adelaide Eden Phillpotts's "The Atoning Years" (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.) is contracted the stranger of the proceeds.



THE AUTHOR OF "DOOM": SIR HENRY IMBERT-TERRY, BT.

Item Phillpotts's "The Atoning Years" (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.) is courageously old-fashioned. The lover with the ladder of ropes is in it, and so are the baby changed at birth, and the venal maid, and the revengeful peasant. What "The Atoning Years" does is to offer suitable refreshment to romantic-minded people. Its passionate drama is intense. The study of matriarchal anguish in Jean Devanny's "Riven" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.) is damped by an atmosphere of high teas. New Zealand as a background appears dull and provincial, and Marigold, the mother, and her children are tiresome even when they are most tragic.

"The Web of Destiny" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), by Seamark, is a good detective story. It is a pity the author had to fall back on some stale mechanical devices to round off his yarn; the hue-and-cry is much better than the denouement. Sir Henry Imbert-Terry's "Doom" (Skeffington; 7s. 6d.) is a tangled skein of impersonations. Embedded in it there is the sensational disappearance of a millionaire, who might have been, but was not, drowned from his yacht. It is not giving away a secret to say this: Sir Henry lures you on by letting you know so much at the beginning. "The Three Daggers" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Cecil Freeman Clegg, is an original idea, unduly obscured by a swarm of policemen. Detectives we expect in a detective story, but as single spies, not



THE AUTHOR OF "RIVEN":
MISS JEAN DEVANNY.



THE AUTHOR OF "FLOWERDOWN":
MISS ANN KNOX.

in battalions. In "The Patient in Room 18" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), Mr. M. G. Eberhart contrives murders and motives with subtlety, and, what is even more unexpected in a thriller, develops the characters with a careful regard for literary art. A private hospital where sudden and violent deaths occur is a creepy thought, and this book is full of creepiness.

There are two volumes of short stories to wind up with. One is "The Torch" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Eden Phillpotts. All that need be said of it is that Mr. Phillpotts sets his old West Country folk, men and women, to tell their own tales, and that they settle down to the business with a delightful and deliberate satisfaction. The other is "The King's Candle" (Putnam; 7s. 6d.), by Temple Thurston. There are people who avoid books of short stories. If they avoid "The King's Candle" they will miss an excellent collection. To be able to temper sentiment with irony—or irony with sentiment—is one of Mr. Thurston's gifts, and he displays it to great advantage here.



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THERE are few more pathetic sights in London than the average crowd of visitors to the National Gallery. Watch them drift wearily along from room to room, attempting in one brief hour to capture for themselves something of the beauty stored up upon the walls by the genius of centuries: the place is famous, not to be missed on any account, and can easily be squashed in between lunch and the Chamber of Horrors in the Marylebone Road!



FIVE TIMES "UP" ON AN OAKS WINNER AND TWICE ON A DERBY WINNER; SAMUEL CHIFFNEY, JNR.—BY CHARLES TURNER AFTER BEN MARSHALL;

Our reproduction is from a colour print by Charles Turner after the original picture by Ben Marshall, a mezzotint engraving of great rarity which was published by the engraver in 1807. The subject is Samuel Chiffney, inr., who rode the winner of the Oaks on five occasions and the winner of the Derby twice. He was born in 1786 and died in 1854. Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Frank T. Sabin, 172, New Bond Street, W. I.

Out they come, with dragging feet and lack-lustre eyes, not intoxicated with beauty or the vision of something above and beyond mortal experience, but drugged and helpless in the grip of convention.

It is not easy to see how anyone can thus miserably spend a holiday, when those same eyes that saw too many pictures at once would never be allowed to inspect, say, the interior of more than one motor-car at a time. The most ordinary portrait in the national collection has more vitality in it than any ingenious machine, and rightly demands from its devotees the same serious attention as is willingly given to the intricacies of "The Golden Arrow."

One must make friends with fine pictures: one must look at them one by one, remembering that in most cases it is oneself that is on trial, and not the picture. One must endeavour to look behind the mere appearance and get at what the painter is trying to say. A man can live to be much older than Methuselah and still fail to exhaust the subtleties of the Fifth Symphony; he can visit the Spanish Room in Trafalgar Square and discover something new on each occasion in the portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez. Painting, like music, is a matter for the emotions, and the more one's eye is trained, the more profoundly can one plumb its depths. But a trained eye is not everything; a sensitive mind is also essential, and that is why some rich men acquire such poor, flashy pictures, and why one or two world-famous scholars write such exceedingly uninspired and uninspiring books.

# A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: ON COLLECTING WITHOUT TEARS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Your real collector is the most modest of mortals. He knows that a thousand years are insufficient for a true understanding of art, and that every manifestation of beauty, whether in paint or porcelain, or stone or wood, is something to be approached with humility. Nor is he a man who

thinks that nothing fine has been produced since the eighteenth century. A good picture is a good picture, whether it was painted yesterday or four hundred years ago. It is astonishing how many astonishing how many people dislike modern pictures and are devoted to old; who loathe Sickert and worship Van Dyck. It is equally astonishing how many think that everything painted before 1920 or so should be relegated to the basement of the Tate Gallery. True, one can't collect every possible type of fine thing; but it shows a poor, narrow little mind not to be able to admire a great work of art because it is either earlier or later than your particular mania.

If these words are read by anyone, it will be by men and women who have comparatively little knowledge, I will not say of art, but of the business of art. The word has perhaps acquired a not very happy connotationin most people's minds. One thinks of art as something quite outside ordinary experience, and of artists as either fashionable

portrait-painters who charge big sums for nice smooth reproductions of well-known personalities, or longishhaired, faintly immoral oddities inhabiting Chelsea; Italian primitives are quaint and very religious, and Rembrandt is a sale-room wonder.

Well, those sort of people will make hopeless collectors in any real sense of the term. They will amass the pretentious, the cheap, and the

their fate — and to the fakes they are certain to acquire.

No; art is something fine and friendly; something to be lived with; something that becomes at once a most intimate part of a home. It is at the same time decoration and the breath of life. I have been



ACCLAIMED AS VAN GOGH'S FINEST FLOWER PIECE: "LES ROSES," WHICH IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES.

"Les Roses" was painted in May 1890, and belongs, therefore, to the artist's Arles period. It is one of the ten masterpieces by nineteenth-century French painters now to be seen at the Letèvre Galleries. It was shown at the exhibition "Cent Tableaux par van Gogh," held in Faris in January 1908. The canvas is 29 inches by 36\frac{1}{2}. Vincent van Gogh, who was born in Holland in 1853, died in France in 1890.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Lefèvre Galleries (Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre), 1a, King Street, St. James's, S.W.z.

speaking, however vaguely, of the true collector in negations: he is not an easy subject for description. He is humble if you like, but he has the courage of his convictions; he is not necessarily a learned man, but he has a wide culture, and both sense and sensibility. Moreover—for the touchstone of money is not in the long run an entirely despicable criterion of real æsthetic worth—his taste and knowledge prove to be mar-

vellously -good investments. Just consider for a moment those comparatively few men of vision who bought works by Sickert twenty years ago: where they spent £10, they now have pictures worth froo, should they want to sell. How to sell. How foolish the detractors of Manet and Degas appear to-day, when paintings by these great Frenchmen, once sold with difficulty for a hundred or so francs, command thousands of pounds! And finally, those connoisseurs' who could appreciate the beauties of Italian and

French primitives

in the sixties and

seventies of last



EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1844: AN ILLUSTRATION—BY R. B. DAVIS—FOR A CHAPTER IN WASHINGTON IRVING'S "BRACEBRIDGE HALL,"

The subject, of course, is Hawking. The original is in the possession of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann and Sor, who also have another very interesting work by the same artist—a portrait of Charles Davis, huntsman to the Royal Staghounds from 1822 until 1866, on "The Hermit." Shown with this is one of Davis's hunting-caps.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann and Son, 157, New Bond Street, W.I.

meretricious; they will collect quantity and not quality. They will read detective stories, and detective stories only, in fiction; I daresay they beat their wives in private; let us leave them to

century—the Prince Consort, by the way, was the first man of standing to admire this school—what remarkable investments they made for themselves and their families! [Continued overleaf.

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Continued.]
My point in citing these examples—and there are many more equally apposite—is not so much to advertise art as an investment, as to emphasise the fact that these pioneer collectors bought what they understood and loved: they bought paintings they wanted to live with, not just panels and canvases as impersonal and humdrum as share certificates.



A VERY RARE LABEL: THE BACK OF A SILHOUETTE BY JOHN MIERS.

We show here the rare Leeds label of the celebrated silhouettist, John Miers, on the back of one of his works. Miers practised at Leeds before setting up in London, in 1789, and was at his best during that The example shown is one from a set of ten silhouettes pur chased recently by Mr. Martin Baxter, of Ia, Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1.

Now, I am not suggesting that astonishing bargains are waiting to be picked up in every London gallery by anyone without special knowledge. The finest Rembrandts, no less than the finest Renoirs, are admittedly beyond the reach of the average But I do feel that the continuous excitement in the Press over high prices and sales records, while it has stimulated interest in fine things, has also it has stimulated interest in fine things, has also served to frighten away many whose pockets cannot bear a drain of thousands of pounds. In this respect the middle and upper-class Englishman compares unfavourably with his opposite number in France. The Frenchman will readily spend a couple of thousand francs or so for a drawing he likes; the Englishman is inclined to feel that he couple to several course. is inclined to feel that he ought to spend several

hundred guineas or nothing. It is true that the very finest pictures cost money, but it is not generally understood how far a few pounds can sometimes go among good quality, but not absolutely first-class, paintings.

This brings me inevitably to what is surely the true way of collecting—to make a home rather than a museum. Some people can live quite happily in hotels, with nothing personal about them; but even to-day these are in a minority. Others exist amid wedding presents of doubtful taste hall-marked by the stores. Not so your true collector: he may not have a Botticelli, but he may possess a Van Gogh bought a few years back before prices rose so enorm-



CHIEN WARE OF THE SUNG PERIOD (A.D. 960-1279): A RARE JAR OF PORCELLANEOUS STONEWARE. This fine piece is decorated with "loops" and is covered with black glaze flecked with brown. It is Chien ware from Honan. It will be seen at an exhibition at Messrs, Edgar's new gallery, at 52, Brook Street, W.1, which opens on July 1. This will be confined to Chien Ware, called by the Japanese, Temmoku Ware.

ously: he is almost sure to have one or two more of the smaller Dutch masters, a sketch which is anyway very near Rubens, and a good portrait he thought at first was by Reynolds, but which a more knowledge-able friend has proved is a Cotes. It doesn't matter, though; it was not dear, and admittedly a speculation. Had he been at a certain sale in London eighteen months ago he might have perceived the high quality of a picture catalogued as Rubens. Somebody bought



WITH RIGGING OF HUMAN HAIR! A FINE BONE MODEL OF THE FRENCH FRIGATE "SCEVOLA."

This is one of the most exquisitely finished examples of the bone ship models made by French prisoners-of-war. It is in splendid pre-servation, but the rigging, being of human hair, has perished in some parts, and has suffered a few replacements in consequence. The date parts, and has surfered a few replacements in consequence. The date is about 1798. It is a specimen from the exhibition of ship models and wool-work pictures at Messrs. Thomas Parsons and Sons' show-rooms, 315-317, Oxford Street, W.1, and belongs to Messrs. A. Fleming (Southsea), Ltd., whose London address is 3, Pall Mall Place, S.W.1.

it for £2 10s., and wondered where people's eyes were; it was a sketch by Delacroix. No matter—one is always missing nice things. It is all very good fun. He is got a Gainsborough drawing he thought was [Continued overleaf.]

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right, and paid £50 for-and it's wrong. He has also got a little scrap which he bought as a Nicolas Maes-but the most famous experts to-day are quite definite in giving it to Maes's master, Rembrandt.



A VERY ATTRACTIVE SET: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT MIRROR AND SIDE TABLE.

These make a most attractive set suited to a bedroom furnished in walnut. They are from the collection of Messrs, Gill and Reigate The mirror is 2 ft. 21 in. high; 1 ft. 5 in. wide; and 8 in. deep. The side-table is 2 ft. 5 in. high; 2 ft. 6 in. wide; and 1 ft. 6 in. deep. Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Gill and Reigate, 25 and 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.I.

In fact, to obtain the greatest pleasure from pictures I am not so sure that it is not better to be comparatively poor. Pity the miserable very rich man, who has only to sign cheques, and great works of art appear miraculously upon his walls. Not that there not plenty of millionaires with knowledge and taste and the most admirable public spirit, but they must sometimes find the search for pictures sadly lacking in excitement.

It is still held in some circles that only a room which is strictly "period" is habitable; if you have an early Georgian pine-panelled dining-room, no piece of oak must stray into it, no nineteenth-century picture—nothing, in short, that, though it may reflect the owner's personal taste, is not strictly correct in the historical sense. I have met decorators who, from the very highest motives, try to make their clients' houses look like a series of specimen rooms at South Kensington. The result is as accurate and as dull as the multiplication table, and is in most cases made worse by the addition of those very feeble pictures known generally as "decoration," feeble pictures known generally as "decoration," though why bad pictures should pass under this name no one can tell. No one ever calls a great master-

piece a decoration, however decorative it may be.

I would ask the would-be collector to ignore the purists who will surely inform him that a Sheraton bureau can under no circumstances be seen in the same room with a seventeenth-century oak chest. A little brutal Philistinism can do nobody any harm, and a mixture of styles can be stimulating rather than offensive if the mixer has a sense of proportion and does not, as it were, put too much curaçoa in his cocktail.

In actual fact, what is surprising is not the tiresomeness of a combination of various styles and periods in the hands of a person of taste, but their essential underlying harmony when seen together before a not too flamboyant background. Allow me to elaborate this heresy-for heresy it is in the eyes of a vast number of cultured and excellent people. I propose to describe the sort of embellishment that can transform the average sitting-room from a banal place in which to lounge and read the paper into an apartment in which the very air breathes some-thing of the fragrance of all that is finest in the past and the present. We will omit all great masterpieces—all the most desirable things that we would much prefer, but our balance at the bank won't run to it. At the same time there will be no shoddy imitation Jacobean suite that will warp in six months' time and fall to pieces in twelve.

Curtains, a big settee; can be as modern as you like; the fireplace can be a simple cube; china-cupboards can be set in the walls; electric fittings at the latest acute angles from Paris. It doesn't matter as long as the colour scheme is reasonably neutral, as colour schemes invariably are when devised by the best [Continued overleaf



AN EXCEEDINGLY RARE DRUG-JAR: A FINE SPECIMEN OF LAMBETH DELFT (c. 1660).

The jar is painted in colours with the Royal Arms (before the inclusion of Ireland). It is 8½ in. high. The drug-jars that were made at Lambeth and painted blue can be found fairly frequently, but the specimen shown above is of the greatest rarity, not only from the fact that it bears the Royal Arms, but that these are in colours. It does not require a very vivid imagination to come to the conclusion

that the piece was once used in the royal pharmacy

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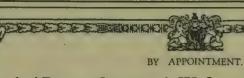
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Continued.]

modern decorators. But, however up-to-date our installation, we are not going to tie ourselves slavishly to ornament and furniture made only yesterday. We are jolly well going to live with what we enjoy. Our very modern decorator is duly shocked by our determination to hang at least some pictures upon his delicate oyster-shell-coloured walls.

A little primitive with a gold background—school of Giotto (it only cost £25)—goes above the fireplace. We have a very fair sporting picture; it mustn't go too close to the very fine things, but looks spendid by the door. A couple of Sickert drawings (we were lucky to buy them some years ago in Paris), two delightful near-Caracci drawings (30s. each from the Dash Gallery—perhaps they deserve a parenthesis. How many art-lovers realise that the big dealers are continually buying Old Master drawings in bundles of five or six in order to obtain one of real importance? They will readily let the others go for shillings, instead of pounds). Then there is a print after Reynolds: the margin is cut, and it is not very valuable, but that doesn't affect its quality or the pleasure we obtain from it. Finally

or the pleasure we obtain from it. Finally we have a landscape we hope is by John Crome, and a portrait of a young woman by one of the lesser Dutchmen. So much for our pictures.

We are no specialists; we don't buy old clocks by the gross, or armchairs by the dozen. Some collectors do, and make a very good thing out of it—anyway, for their heirs—but we are average people. We don't hoard; what we possess we arrange nicely. So, we have two or three seventeenth-century English delft chargers in the china cabinet, itself not a bad piece—mahogany, Hepplewhite design, with

straight, slender legs. There is a Lambeth bowl or two, possibly a Staffordshire figure, certainly one



good piece of Chelsea, and a Worcester dish. One of our armchairs is that delightful winged type with sturdy cabriole legs; we don't claim it is entirely original, nor is the needlework that covers it, but it's as near the real thing as anyone can get nowadays who is not extremely well off, and it has a fine dignity about it. One side table is walnut and—just to annoy our friends—we have somewhere in the middle of the room a rather massive French Empire circular table whose heavy support ends in lion's paws. This we have bought of set purpose, not because we admire it enormously, though it blends well enough with the rest of the furniture, but because we are told so frequently by the cognoscenti that the Empire period was the apotheosis of bad taste—and we are not going to stand dictation by people who write for the papers. We have taken a lot of trouble over our Chinese things. Some we keep in a little lacquer cabinet—small objects in jade, for example, that are marvellously cool to the touch and miraculously translucent; some choice Japanese ivories full of legendary associations. The rest





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window, in the wall em-brasure with its glass protection. We have been fortunate to find two turquoise blue beakers, Kang Hsi period, which would have been worth a fabulous sum had they not been rather badly damaged and repaired. We have a celadon bowl, and a very fair specimen of Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, in blanc de Chine. A charming plate, with a plum-blossom pattern, completes the later porcelain. quite good of its kind, but we confess to a greater interest in the earlier wares. There are, for example, two T'ang figures of women playing [Continued overleaf.

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our writing desk by the

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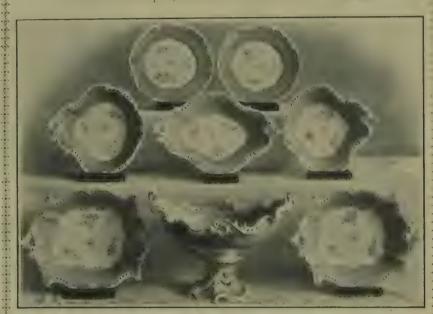
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VERY FIRST-RATE SPECIMENS: A RARE CHIPPENDALE TOILET MIRROR IN MAHOGANY AND A BACHELOR'S CHEST IN FIGURED WALNUT.

The mirror has carved canted corners. The chest is 2 ft. 8 in. wide and 2 ft. 7 in. high. Both pieces are to be seen at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's.-{Reproduced by Courlesy of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, W.1.]

Continued.]
musical instruments which are of astonishing grace and vitality; we have, after much search and considerable hesitation, managed to afford a most engaging model of a horse— a dog (Han period, this, in dull greyish pottery) was acquired at the same time

We are, however, especially proud of our Sung pieces. They are so extraordinarily simple, mostly brown and whitey-brown, depending entirely

upon their purity of form and outline. There is no straining for effect, no exaggeration, no attempt to make perfection of decoration atone for carelessness of design

A not-too-rare chest in the corner, carved in a simple tulip pattern, early seventeenth century, and, of course, oak—has upon it a big pewter bowl of flowers. A longish side-table in the corridor outside carries a model ship. A few miniatures we keep upon the mantelpiece, hung on little stands like the mirror on a dressing-table—the rest, with a good silhouette or two, we prefer to have lying in a drawer.



FROM THE COLOURED REPRODUCTION IN "A HISTORY OF BRITISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING": "AN UPLAND TRACK."-BY EDWARD A. WALTON, P.R.S.W. Mr. H. M. Cundall, 1.S.O., F.S.A., late Keeper of Paintings in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has revised and brought up to date his standard "History of British Water-Colour Painting," which deals with the subject from the earliest times to the present day. The volume is illustrated by typical examples of the work of all the chief artists, and ten new plates of the work of recent painters have been added. The publishers are Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., of 94, High Holborn, W.C.1.

One mirror-not Chinese Chippendale, which is a little too finicky for our taste-reflects the light from the wall facing the window.

lacquer screen plays its part in adding colour and variety to the room.

The years pass, and we keep on buying what we think is fine; we are always making mistakes and discarding and buying again. Perhaps, after all, we are not collectors, but merely people who enjoy nice things!

The Fine Art Society's Exhibition of Venetian and other etchings by James M'Neill Whistler has a particular significance. Fifty

years ago the Society commissioned Whistler to etch for them the "First Venice Set," comprising twelve plates of rare beauty, and now exceedingly difficult to find. The present show is to commemorate [Continued overleaf.



THE ONLY KNOWN GLASS PICTURE OF THIS PARTICULAR PRINT: GEORGE WASHINGTON-AFTER ALEXANDER CAMP-BELL.

The picture, which is in an old maple-wood frame, is in rich colours The picture, which is in an old maple-wood frame, is in rich colours. The outside measurement of the whole is 20½ inches by 16½. At the foot of the work is the following: "Done from an Original, Drawn from the Life by Alexander Campbell, of Williamsburgh, in Virginia. George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army in America. Published as the Act directs, 9th September, 1775, by C. Shepherd." It is in the possession of Messrs. H. Blairman and Sons.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. H. Blairman and Sons, 26b and 26c, King Street, St. James's, S.W.I.]

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RETRIEVER AND WOODCOCK. Oil Painting by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. Size of Canvas, 26½ × 19 inches.

This picture was exhibited at the Old Master Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1874, and is the original of the well-known engraving by T. Landseer, A.R.A.

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this interesting event, but infortunately, owing to the extreme rarity of the prints, only one or two of the set have been included. There is, however, a complete set of the twenty-six etchings, usually referred to as the Second Venice Set, framed in the original Whistler -pattern frames, and in an untouched state since 1885. In an adjoining room is a very important Exhibition of Old Master Engravings from Mantegna to Canaletto,

A curious illustration of the vicissitudes attaching to the works of great painters is afforded by the celebrated picture of the "Retriever and Woodcock," by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., which is beautifully reproduced on another page. This was exhibited by the artist in 1845, and was engraved by his brother, T. Landseer. In 1874 it was again shown at Burlington House, and it has always been regarded as a representative work. The caprice of fashion has decreed that, for a time at least, Landseer should fall into comparative obscurity; but this eclipse

Landseer should fall into comparative obscurity; but this eclipse can be only temporary. The same thing happened to the works of Chippendale and Hepplewhite, both of whom have again come into their kingdom. As illustrating the high esteem in which the painter's works were formerly held, it may be mentioned that in 1890 this very picture was sold at Christie's for the sum of 2100 guineas. Perhaps, before very long, collectors will turn their attention again to pictures like the "Retriever and Woodcock"—which was painted for that well-known collector, Mr. William Wells.

There must be many who will unearth from odd corners of their homes the hidden treasures of tradition, now that their personal usefulness has passed, for it is truly surprising how profitably these may be disposed of if they are taken to the right market. Of establishments that have achieved a notable reputation for providing the maximum of cash value in exchange for articles of value in antique jewellery and gold or silver ware, mention may be made of that of Messrs. S. J. Phillips, New Bond Street,

of that of Messrs. S. J. Phillips, New Bond Street, which has become a rendezvous of both buyers and sellers from all over the world. And there must, indeed, be much treasure-trove, a wealth of old gold, jewels and silver, still stored away in modern homes.

Fashion runs in cycles in such things, as has been proved times without number—and, autocratic as ever, she has her will, from clothes to gems and plate!



A MOST ATTRACTIVE REPRODUCTION: "A SOUTHERLY WIND."—BY MONTAGUE DAWSON.

"A Southerly Wind," which shows the New Zealand Shipping Company's "The Waimate," a ship built in 1874, has been admirably reproduced in colours by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol and London. Our miniature representation is from the full-sized facsimile. The issue of stamped and signed proofs is limited to 250, and they are £4 4s. each. All are first-state impressions signed by the painter. Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Frost and Reed, 26c, King Street St. James's, S.W.I., and 10, Clare Street, Bristol.

A SEA FIGHT OF 1829: "H.M. SCHOONER 'PICKLE' CAPTURES THE SLAVER 'BOLODORA."

The original of this reproduction is an aquatint in colours by E. Duncan, after W. J. Huggins, and it was published in 1831. On June 6, 1829, the "Pickle" fell in with the notorious slaver "Bolodora." A chase lasting for fourteen hours ensued, and this concluded with a severe action which was at pistol-shot distance, and lasted for an hour and twenty minutes The "Bolodora," which had armed negroes aboard and was by far the superior vessel, surrendered. The aquatint is in the collection at the Parker Gallery.

\*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Parker Gallery, 28, Berkeley Square, London

and downstairs is an Exhibition of Masterpieces of Modern Etching. In the upstairs Gallery is an interesting collection of Glebe Chelsea Models in Pottery, by Madeline Raper. The work includes models of farmyards and well-known inns

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### THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD GLARE-GUARD.

If we are to accept the findings of the experts who in deliberation and reported upon the mercifully still-born Motor Bill, we are as far off as ever



ON THE MALVERN HILLS: A NEW HUMBER-THE 16-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER WEYMANN "SPORTS" COUPÉ-BESIDE A WELL-KNOWN CLOCK-TOWER.

The unusually designed clock-tower seen in the photograph stands beside the main road from Ledbury to Upton-on-Severn. It is well known to all motorists who pass over the Malvern Hills.

from having motor headlights which will at one and the same time give us adequate driving light and immunity from blinding dazzle for other road-users In effect, what those very experienced gentlemen said was that no anti-dazzle invention was worth con-sidering unless it was of such a nature as to allow it to be made a standard part of the equipment of

With that view every driver of The Courteous sense will certainly agree. There Dimmer. are numbers of people who very broadmindedly and generously fit their cars with more

or less expensive gadgets to protect the eyes and promote the safety of other road-users. I hope their number will increase, but unless and until everyone can afford to buy these things the problem will remain with us. Indeed, the fitting of dipping or any other dazzle-eliminating devices does not mean that the

owner will always use them. He courteously shades or deflects his beams on meeting another car, but if the latter goes its way with blazing lights he is apt, with a not un-natural feeling of resentment at what he considers to be either in-gratitude or lack of manners, to

turn his lights full on again. As often as not, the reason for the other fellow's not dimming or dipping is because he can't, not because he won't; and he, in his turn, is exasperated by the sudden last-second blinding glare switched into his eyes at close quarters.

#### The Use of Glare-Guards.

The only hope for everyone, in these conditions, lies in special glare-guards. I have

tried a good many of these within the past year or so, and I have generally found that, while most of them are in themselves ingenious and designed on practical lines, their value can be completely discounted by extraneous conditions. For example, it is essential that the guard should be at exactly the right distance from the driver's eyes, and this is governed by the position of the driving seat and setting and

rake of the screen. Further, what is the right position for one man is often the wrong one for another. I find that it does not matter very much of what material the guard is made so long as it is in the right place. There are guards of coloured celluloid (or something very like it) clear and opaque, and others of fine wire mesh. I have found them all more or less satisfactory, but I have had particularly good experience of three.

The first is the "Stadium," a tinted transparent shield, tapered so as to allow the driver to see Three Good Examples. the centre of the road without getting the full strength



AN AUSTIN "SEVEN" WINS THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN RELIABILITY TRIAL: MR. AUBREY MELROSE IN HIS VICTORIOUS LITTLE CAR.

Mr. Aubrey Melrose, driving a standard 7-h.p. Austin car, recently won outright the twenty-four-hour 500-mile Reliability Trial in Western Australia—an annual event, organised by the Royal Automobile Club of Western Australia, and run over extremely rough country. The Austin competed with all comers, and secured 698 points out of a possible 700. A Chrysler was second with 687 points. Mr. Melrose is a Western Australian, but is well known in England, as he competed with success in English trials during 1927. He is, perhaps, best known in the motor-cycling world. The above photograph, taken on the Esplanade at Perth, Western Australia, shows him at the wheel of the victorious "Seven."







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ampton The engine is a racing type Napier "Lion" and was in-stalled under the direction of Captain J. S Irving

June 1st and 2nd, 1929. Maj. Sir Henry Segrave, piloting the famous

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on which he regained the World's Motor Boat Speed Championship from America, won the Motor Boat Speed Championship of Germany on the Templiner Lake, near Potsdam, using Wakefield CASTROL. "Miss England" averaged 68 m.p.h., and covered one lap at 74.3 m.p.h.

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of the headlight rays in his eyes; and the second is the "H.P. Eclipse," a rectangular shield of semi-opaque celluloid. Both are conveniently fixed to the wind-screen by suckers, but they differ in their use. The "Stadium" can be looked through, but the "H.P. Eclipse" is meant as a black-out shade. Both are hinged in a practical manner, and I have found that they "stay put" in any position over the roughest roads. The "Stadium" costs 9s. 6d. and the other 8s. 6d. The third is the "T. B André," and is made of wire gauze. It deals with the dazzling rays in a different manner, but the effect is much the same. I have found that one's passengers are usually glad to use these as hand-shields. All three are solidly made and well worth the prices asked.

The Two-Litre Humber "Six."

The latest Humber model, the 16-50-h.p. six-cylinder, is in more ways than one a very interesting that in other respects typical of instead of 100, but it is in other respects typical of this now very popular class of six-cylinder. The main points which interested me were its flexibility and ready pick-up. It is, I should judge, a fairly heavy car, weighing considerably more than the average light "six" of this type, and the car I tried was practically brand-new, yet, in spite of these handicaps, it displayed a very agreeable liveliness.

A Car of Road-Comfort.

It is not specially fast, as speed is considered in these days of frankly advertised eighty and eighty-five miles an hour, but its engine runs so smoothly and with such a pleasing absence of fuss at forty-five miles an hour that its average speed should be a high one over a long day's run. It is one of the least tiring cars of its weight to drive I have tried this year. The steering is light and steady at all speeds, the suspension is really comfortable, and the brakes are exceptionally powerful and light in application. Add to these virtues unusually comfortable coachwork—the seats, especially in the rear compartment, are as restful as any I know—and you will understand why, at £497, either the Weymann four-window saloon or the coachbuilt six-window model is likely to have a prosperous future before it.

A Well-Finished Engine.

That engine is a very nice piece of work. The usual Humber valvelayout is employed, with the inlets

perated overhead and the exhaust below them, of the mushroom type, but a new departure is a "turbulent" combustion-chamber and the resulting inclined position of the inlets. The drive is particularly quiet, being almost inaudible idling. The oil-filter is properly accessible next to the carburetter, bodily removable after the slacking of one nut—an arrangement which should be found in every engine. Ignition is by coil and battery, the distributor being also very accessibly placed.

A Low Gear-Ratio.

The whole is a very workman-like job, decently finished, as all good machinery should be. A rather unusual feature in the design of the transmission is the coupling of the gear-box by a shaft with a universal joint at either end, instead of incorporating it in the commoner monoblock. The four speeds are geared 5.44 to 1, 8.5 to 1, 14 to 1, and 21 to 1. For myself I should have preferred a higher second speed, as these ratios practically make it a three-speed car. I should imagine that nothing less steep than one-in-five or so would avail to bring this car down to bottom gear. Yet the great majority of drivers to-day still have a rooted objection to more than the minimum of necessary gearchanging, and no doubt the designers had these in mind rather than the minority who like to drive their cars sympathetically.

High-Class Bodywork.

The clutch on the car I drove (which was sent to me for trial by the Car Mart, Ltd.) was a trifle sticky, making the change down from top to third none too easy without scrape, and involving a good pause for the change back into top, but I was assured that this was not normal. The gears run without undue hum, the work of the engine and box being noticeably quiet at high speeds on third. As I said, the bodywork is of a high order. Indeed, I cannot remember any back seat in any closed car in which I have been more comfortably driven. It has excellent lines, and everything is in proportion. There is a great feeling of sturdiness about the whole car, and you get a definite impression that it is built for long life and hard work. I regard it as particularly good value for the money.

John Prioleau.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from Page 1030.)

and ended in those wholesale massacres whereof Swinburne writes—

Carrier came down to the Loire and slew
Till all the ways and the waves waxed red.

"To give the exact number of the Vendean losses (writes the author in describing the final débâcle), would be impossible; but it has been roughly calculated that 5000 men had died in Mans, 3000 during the flight, and that from 7000 to 8000 old men, women, and children, with sick and wounded, were slain as they fled." One incident in the campaign, of peculiar interest, is an ineffectual attempt by the Republican forces to anticipate German science by using a kind of poison gas—"a composition of which the fumes, released by fire, were warranted to asphyxiate every living creature near." Carrier had another pleasant suggestion—to poison the springs. "Kill them with arsenic," he advised. "It is cheaper and more

The country in which the French Revolution has had its modern counterpart continues to provoke a large output of new books. I have four works on Russia in front of me at this moment, but, having exhausted my space, I must reserve them for a future occasion. Now that a Labour Government is in office, we may expect developments that will bring Russian affairs to the fore. There should be many readers, consequently, for these four interesting volumes—namely, "Leonid Krassin." By his Wife, Luboff Krassin (Skeffington; 21s.); "Spying in Russia." By John Vidor (Long; 18s.); "Dreiser Looks at Russia." By Theodore Dreiser (Constable; 5s.); and "Russia Under the Red Flag." By G. M. Godden (Burns Oates and Washbourne; 4s. 6d.). In the words of the blonde lady (already mentioned) whom so many gentlemen preferred, I also begin to feel "really on the verge of the bolshevicks."

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., the manufacturers of the well-known Wakefield Castrol motor oils, have been appointed suppliers of oil to the Right Honourable the Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, Viceroy and Governor-General of India. They have already been honoured by warrant of appointment to H.M. the King of England and H.M. the King of Spain.



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### THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CAPRICE," AND MISS LYNN FONTANNE.

THE visit of the famous New York Theatre Guild company to the St. James's has more than fulfilled expectations. Their play, "Caprice," an adaptation by Philip Moellor from the Hungarian Sil Vara, is a piquant little comedy; their acting is superbly competent and harmonious. The setting of the little tale is in Vienna, where a lawyer has been living the points. living happily with a fascinating mistress, Ilsa, but has his peace disturbed by the irruption of a sixteen-year-old son and this lad's forgotten mother. The boy, a romantic dreamer, falls in love with Ilsa, and has to be told the truth, whereupon he takes flight with his mother, and once more the Counsellor settles down in association with his capricious, teasing mistress. A trifle of a play, but rich in wit and sensitiveness and buoyancy, and enabling Miss Lynn Fontanne, an actress who is English by birth, to achieve a triumph not only of virtuosity, but of personality also. Here is an actress with challenging charm, with a sense of humour and character, with grace of manner, poise, and absolute mastery of technique, perhaps a trifle mannered and artificial at moments, but none the less a great comédienne, with as sweeping and easy a style as Ada Rehan. She gets excellent support from Mr. Lunt, very quiet and subtle in the rôle of Counsellor, and from Mr. Douglass Montgomery, a delightful boy; but hers is the big score; and all London will soon be sounding her praises.

### THE GUITRYS IN "MARIETTE."

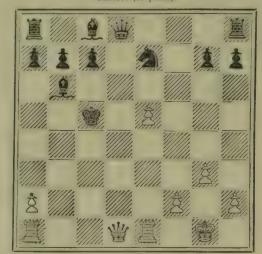
No one should miss the Guitrys—Sacha and his vivacious actress-wife, Yvonne Printemps—in the delicious entertainment, "Mariette," which, with the aid of Osear Straus's music, he has fashioned for her and himself out of a supposed liaison of Napoleon III. You see Mariette and her enigmatic lover first in the theatre from behind the stage M. Guitru's first in the theatre from behind the stage, M. Guitry's Prince clapping portentously in his box. You meet them on the night of the coup d'état, about to part, when Uncle Jerome bursts in with a storm of protesting song, and Mariette sings a lovely ditty in the way of farewell. Finally, you are shown Mariette as a naughty young-old centenarian who, in an interview with a reporter (Sacha Guitry transformed), [Continued in Column 3.

### CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To Correspondents.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No. XXVI. BLACK (12 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: rtbq3r; ppprsrpp; rb6; 2krP3; 8; 6Pr; P4PrP; R2QRrK.]

This addition to our gallery of classical blunders was perpetrated by that eccentric genius Tchigorin, in his match with Gunsberg. The Russian master had brilliantly sacrificed no less than three pieces, and had driven his opponent into the mating position shown on the diagram. But here he went wrong with r. QB2ch, KQ4; 2. QKt3ch, KB3; 3. QR4ch, KQ4, and now, out of sheer petulance at having missed the win, he threw away the draw also and lost the game!

In the diagram position he had a forced mate in nine moves at ost. It is not very subtle, though there is a variation at Black's cond move. Accuracy only is needed. White to play and mate in ne moves.

Solution of Game Problem No. XXIV.

[4r2k; 7p; 6pi; ippq2PP; p2piQ2; PSiP4; KP6; 4r3; White to play and draw.]

White had not the advantage of Mr. Lloyd George's example of strategy for the weaker pirty, or he would have played i. QB6ch, KKtsq; 2. QKtrch; KXQ; 3. PR6ch, K moves; 4. To be continued in our next—[From "Chesslets," by Dr. Schumer.]

recalls her past, and gets all her details wrong. A brilliant mixture of comedy, sentiment, and satire, with not a little historical insight behind it, the piece displays the roguish charm of MIle. Printemps to the greatest advantage, and, of course, gives scope also to M. Guitry's own subtle, ironic art. Portraits of them both appear on another page in this number.

We all know the time that the average man takes to shave. Mr. J. J. Bell, of "Wee MacGregor" fame, tells him how to save five minutes a day on this duty, equal to two working days a year. He uses duty, equal to two working days a year. He uses "Field-Day," which softens the beard without soap or brush. Mr. Bell has only recently discovered "Field-Day." "And I 've been shaving in the old way for forty years," he writes to the makers of this new shaving aid. "Eighty days! Why, I might have gone round the world twice or—but it don't bear thinking about. Let me thank you for the time Field-Day 'is saving me now."

The modern decorator who is a master of his craft is as much an artist as the wielder of palette The styles of all the centuries, including and-brush. the very latest, present no difficulties to him, and out of modern material springs work that is indistinguishable from that of old masters. Dakin and Company, of 151, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W., are remarkable in the way that they achieve artistic effects in colour and design to blend with any period furnishing. A visit to their headquarters is a revelation of what is possible in their capable hands. One corner, for instance, is Georgian, but with an individual touch of colour relief to add to the effect; another looks like real Jacobean oak panelling. Then there are walls which look like marble, shaded in lovely tints to harmonise with the lighting and aspect of the room. These are of Marb-l-cote, which is put on by this firm in plain white, and then painted in beautiful cloudy marble effects. This artistic combination they call "Poli-kro-tex." The task of adding sections to houses, matching the style inside and out, and suggesting new, original schemes of decoration, is undertaken by these magicians with astonishingly successful results.

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# TEN YEARS OF PEACE AND THE TREATIES OF 1919.

(Continued from an earlier page in this issue.)

way of peace. It was a contradiction with the humanitarianism of the nineteenth century that they forgot that wise and humane rule, and we can see what the



BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY DONE BY DISABLED SOLDIERS AND EXHIBITED IN LONDON: "THE GOLDEN HIND"-A PANEL IN PETIT POINT.

IN LONDON: "THE GOLDEN HIND"—A PANEL IN PETIT POINT.

It was arranged to hold an exhibition and sale of embroidery worked by the ex-Service men belonging to the Disabled Soldiers Embroidery Industry (Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street), on June 12 and 13, at 35, Lowndes Square, by kind permission of Lord and Lady Melchett. Some very beautiful pieces of work were placed on view, and for sale. Among them may be mentioned a very fine panel, worked in petit point, of "The Golden Hind," ordered by Mr. Sydney Wilcox, of Adelaide, Australia; an old settee covered in petit point; an embroidered linen cushion; and a chair-back worked in a mixture of gros point and petit point taken from a very old design, which is illustrated here. This industry employs nearly a hundred totally disabled ex-Service men in England and Scotland, all of them too disabled to work out of their own homes, and they depend largely on such sales as an outlet for their work

consequences of this were in 1914 and 1919. At the end of the war the conquerors were exasperated by their enormous losses and the amount of destruction of property which they had suffered, and by the savagery of the struggle which they had had to endure.

That exasperation exercised a considerable influence upon the peace treaties. The winning side was glad to have won the war; they wanted to ensure peace; but they also wanted to revenge themselves a little. It seemed that there must be guilty ones to punish, and expiation to be made in return for so many victims and so many ruins! When the Treaty of Versailles

was signed in the month of June 1919, Europe was like a volcano the day after an enormous eruption. Its sides were seamed by lava which was still smouldering. Gradually time did its work; passions, over-excited by the conflict, were calmed; people began to reflect even on the questions which, in the exasperation of the hardly-finished struggle, they had wished to decide summarily without discussion. We are now walking on lava which has cooled; and we can understand up to what point the most important peace problems had been simplified in 1919.

A few examples will make this clear. In the first enthusiasm of victory in 1919, faced with the crumbling away of the Germanic Empires, all the world might have imagined that the Allies' victory had been complete, total, and crushing. The truth was not so simple. The Allies had completely beaten the Germanic Empires in the west; but they had been much less fortunate in the east. The Germanic Empires not only overcame but completely annihilated the Russian Empire; and this victory diminished, for the German Empire which had survived the catastrophe, the consequences of its defeat in the west. It might have been possible to apply the Treaty of Versailles according to its original letter and spirit—that is to say, to have put Germany under a kind of collective protectorate of the Allied Powers—if the Empire of the Tsars had been victorious, and, rendered strong by victory, had united its power-

ful pressure to that of the Western Allies in imposing the treaty on Germany. But the Russian Empire has disappeared, and a great void has been created in Eastern Europe. Locarno is not only the child of the logical and humanitarian ideal

of our time; it is also a consequence of the catastrophes which liberated Germany from Muscovite pressure.

The reparations are yet another and clearer example. In 1919 they started with the idea that the war indemnity would only differ from other war indemnities in its proportions. Minds excited by passion had been led away to consider a very simple form of reasoning as the expression of perfect wisdom; [Continued overleaf.



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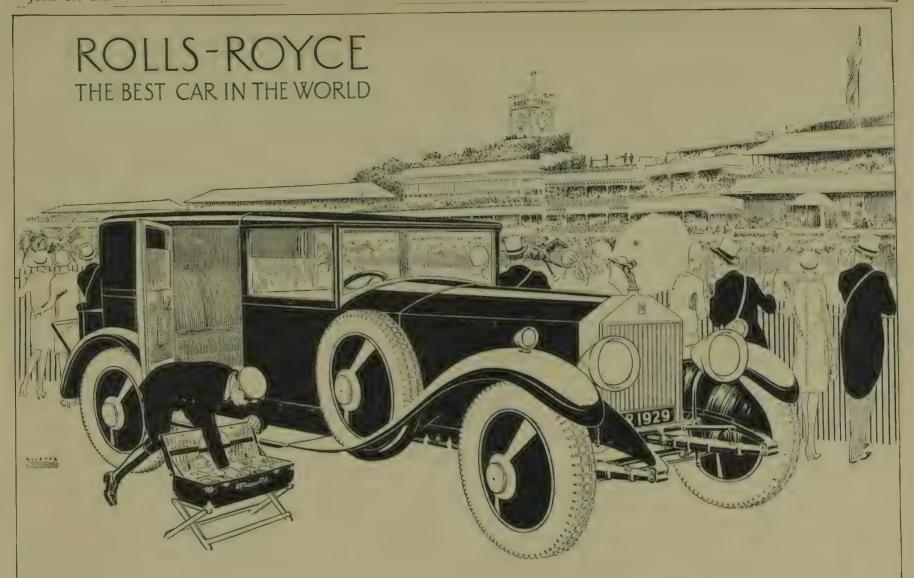
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everything in the World War had been ten, twenty, thirty times larger than in any former war: the number of combatants, of those killed, the destruction caused, the duration, the expenditure, the power of arms Therefore the indemnity which the conquered nation should pay should be ten, twenty, a hundred times greater. All that seemed obvious in 1919. A few years afterwards they found themselves faced with a problem which had never presented itself before.

A war indemnity is a contribution, in money or

kind, that the conqueror imposes without discussion and obliges the conquered to pay him while he is under the impression of his defeat—that is to say, under the domination of a force which for the moment he can neither resist nor escape. The will of the conquered nation being under the impression of defeat, it is necessary that the payment should be made before that impression is wiped out. The delay accorded for paying a war indemnity is always, and must necessarily be, very short. The indemnity of 1871, which up till that time was the biggest known in history, had to be paid in three years. It was paid in two years.

But the sums demanded from Germany, even after the reductions which have been made and which are going to be made, are still so high that it will take a generation at least to pay them. Millions of men who were not even born when the World War bathed half the world in blood will have to work to repay the conquerors for even a small part of the destruction which it caused. It is evident that the longer the time which elapses, and the less we shall be able to count on the impression caused by the defeat as a stimulant and motive for action, the more necessary it will be to rely on the agreements freely concluded and on the sentiment of honour which makes the carrying out of treaties a duty. But that necessity implies another—that of discussion, in which they have been engaged for several months. The wisdom of the eighteenth-century lawyers is once more justified: a treaty imposed by force is only valid so long as force exists; but, as it is impossible to imagine existing in Europe a state of coercion lasting for fifty years, we must solve the problem of reparations by agreements which must be discussed and concluded in conditions of sufficient liberty. To arrive at these agreements is not easy: we know that only too well! But whatever the difficulty of these agreements may be, one can see no other way of finding a solution of this hard

problem, which has been imposed by force and which force cannot solve.

The progressive mitigation of the treaties is only partly due to a re-awakening of the humanitarian spirit. But, in so far as it is due to a re-awakening of



THE MARTYRDOM OF SAVONAROLA COMMEMORATED EVERY YEAR AT FLORENCE: A WREATH ON THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS HANGED AND BURNT, OUTSIDE THE PALAZZO VECCHIO (DECORATED WITH MEDIAEVAL FLAGS).

Every year on May 23—the anniversary of Savonarola's death—a wreath is placed on the site of his pyre outside the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, where in 1498 he was hanged and burnt with two other Dominicans. The above photograph was taken on May 24, the anniversary of Italy's entry into the Great War.

the humanitarian spirit, ought it to make us anxious? We should then have to conclude that the lacerations caused by the war are destined to become an incurable wound in our Western civilisation.

The World War has been one of the greatest horrors of history. It cost the lives of ten millions of men. Very probably more men were killed between the 1st of August, 1914, and the 11th of November, 1919, than between the foundation of Rome and 1914! And yet the nineteenth century, which resulted in this horror, had worked tirelessly to give men not only ease and security, but also liberty, justice, fraternity, knowledge, peace, gentle manners, and a social order in which persuasion would as far as possible replace coercion. If the nineteenth century seemed, in the World War, to have failed in all the aims which it had set up, we still cannot doubt the sincerity and ardour with which four generations had pursued those aims. They vanished at the very moment when they seemed to be attained. Thrown out of our stride, we are trying to discover among the ruins what we ought to wish for: perpetual peace or permanent war, liberty or despotism, world unity or the Tower of Babel?

Such a tragic contradiction between the effort and the result cannot be a simple accident. In the movement by which the nineteenth century was characterised and which was undoubtedly grand, there must have been an initial mistake to result in such a great disaster. For ten years human minds have been working in the midst of the apparent disorder to find out that mistake, and to reconstruct the unshakable basis of social order. The task is a difficult one; but it would be still more difficult if the passions let loose by the war had not been somewhat cooled. Do not let us complain of this. It is necessary that, at least, the most powerful peoples should turn towards agreement and solidarity in order to give back order and peace to the world, and that they should consider what will unite the nations in a common effort, rather than what will divide them and make them enemies.

Science, the humanitarian spirit, and liberty were the greatness and the beauty of the nineteenth century. We cannot give up even one of these beauties without making all efforts to save it. We should risk Science (which has helped us so much till now to live better lives) taking service with cruelty and despotism and providing them with most diabolical instruments of power. It is necessary that moral progress should keep pace with the development of human power; for learned barbarism, armed with poison gas and explosives, would be the most appalling of all barbarisms.



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### MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXXVI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

THE reliance which is placed by the average householder on the local fire brigade is truly wonderful, for the majority of houses have no firefighting appliances other than their own water systems. Matters are different affoat, where there are Board of Trade regulations and no fire brigades, except in harbour, and each vessel provides her own means to ensure

safety from the fire danger. Even there, the precautions taken by owners are often inadequate owing to ignorance There are many extinguishers, for example, on the market, and many think that there is little to choose between them. This may be true in one way, but not in another, for to obtain maximum protection the extinguisher best suited for the particular type of fire to be guarded against must be employed.

There are three main classes of

extinguisher, namely, (1) the foam, which produces a mass of bubbles filled with carbon-dioxide gas;
(2) soda-acid, which is a liquid soda solution;
(3) tetrachloride, from which a free gas is produced when the liquid is vaporised by the heat of the fire.
Each has its advantages, but careful enquiry into the sizes and weights of the containers should be made to ensure satisfaction.

Now, fires may be divided into classes also, according to the material which is alight; for burning furniture, foam or soda acid is best; whilst against oil or grease fires, or those in electrical machinery, cars,

and motor-craft, foam or tetrachloride is more suit-I am inclined to favour foam for motor-boats, for, though its weight is rather great, it is better able to cope with large quantities of inflammable liquids, such as a petrol-tank on fire. Another point in its favour is that Foamite Firefoam, Ltd., who supply it, in addition to their ordinary portable type, have designed a special "built-in" outfit for small boats.

which will deal with a fire in the most inaccessible position. Foam is very rapid in action, is nonpoisonous, and is easily dispersed by ventilating after PULLEY ELBOW 2 CONDUIT CYLINDER ENGINE SPACE

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The above diagram shows a typical Alfite system outfit for a small motor-boat (single-cylinder unit) as supplied by Foamite Firefoam, Ltd., 55, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.r.

The means wherethe fire has been extinguished. by a fire is put out often causes more damage than the fire itself, especially where magnetos and electrical circuits are concerned; but there is no danger of this when foam is used, for it damages nothing, and leaves no residue. For those who can afford the extra expense, I see in the Foamite catalogue, they supply a system whereby the gas is released automatically as soon as a sudden increase in temperature occurs. For owners who leave their vessels unattended this fitting should be a blessing. No matter how efficient a fire-fighting system may

be, the prevention of fire remains important, especially in boats. The ideal is, therefore, to have all internal fittings non-inflammable. To a great extent, though not entirely, this is now possible. Metal hulls, for instance, remain unpopular in

small craft, though the days of the wooden type are numbered by reason of their expense; but, until the metal supersedes the wooden type, a fire risk will exist. The best protection for a wooden hull against fire is, of course, to banish all interior wood panelling and substitute a fireproof material such as Sundeala

aluminium, board, or asbestos sheet ing. To many, this will suggest the elimination of the polished wood so dear to the heart of yachtsmen for the decoration of saloons and so on. They need have no fear, however, for the British Nicoll Wood Company have succeeded in producing photographically the effect of any wood or inlay on the materials I have mentioned. So faithfully is this done as to deceive the eye completely at close range. only are woods re-

produced, but tiling suitable for bathrooms and galleys also, and in all cases the surface can be polished like wood, and is impervious to the sun's rays and moisture, whilst at the same time it is fireproof. Fires on board washts are fortunately rare but this fact the ball sixty. yachts are fortunately rare, but this fact should not be an excuse against the adoption of every precaution. In the hands of the unskilled, the Primus stove, for instance, is an ever-present danger, and for that reason I continue to pin my faith to that old friend of mine, dissolved acetylene, as the safest and cleanest fuel for cooking and yet another precaution against fire.

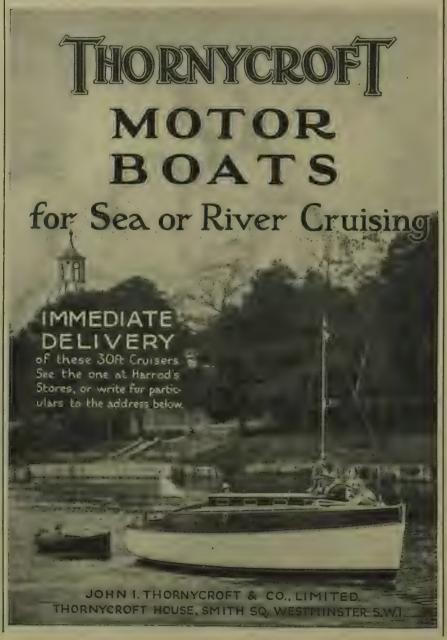






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Jan and Cora Gordon, the famous artist-authors and travellers, writing of Lapland, say: "There is something in wild, lost Lapland so moving, something which so awes by its defiant immensity that it acts as a tonic.

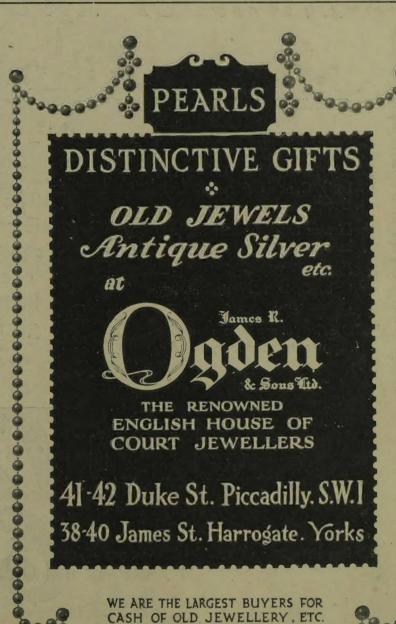
This Arctic province is a vast tangle of snow-capped mountains, silent birch-fringed lakes, racing rivers, waterfalls, and 'fells' ablaze with wild flowers:

All the long day hot sunshine beats down upon the strange scene, but it is during the hour or so preceding and following midnight, when the sun is gliding along the horizon and the theatrical landscape is flooded by its lurid light with vivid and everchanging colour, that the dramatic and startling beauty of Lapland is revealed to the full

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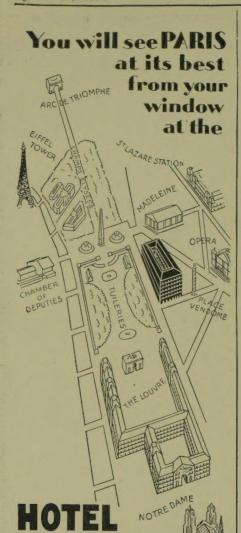
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